WHEN THE DOCTORS DISAGREE . . . By Norman Angell

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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PART II
by Thomas W. Lamont

A LONDON REPORT
by Henry C. Wolfe

THE SEASON'S BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
by Mary Gould Davis

"WHY WOMEN CRY, OR WENCHES WITH WRENCHES"
by Elizabeth Hawes
and
"SNOOT IF YOU MUST"
by Lucius Beebe
Reviewed by Dorothy Parker

"HIGH HATS AND TOM-TOMS"
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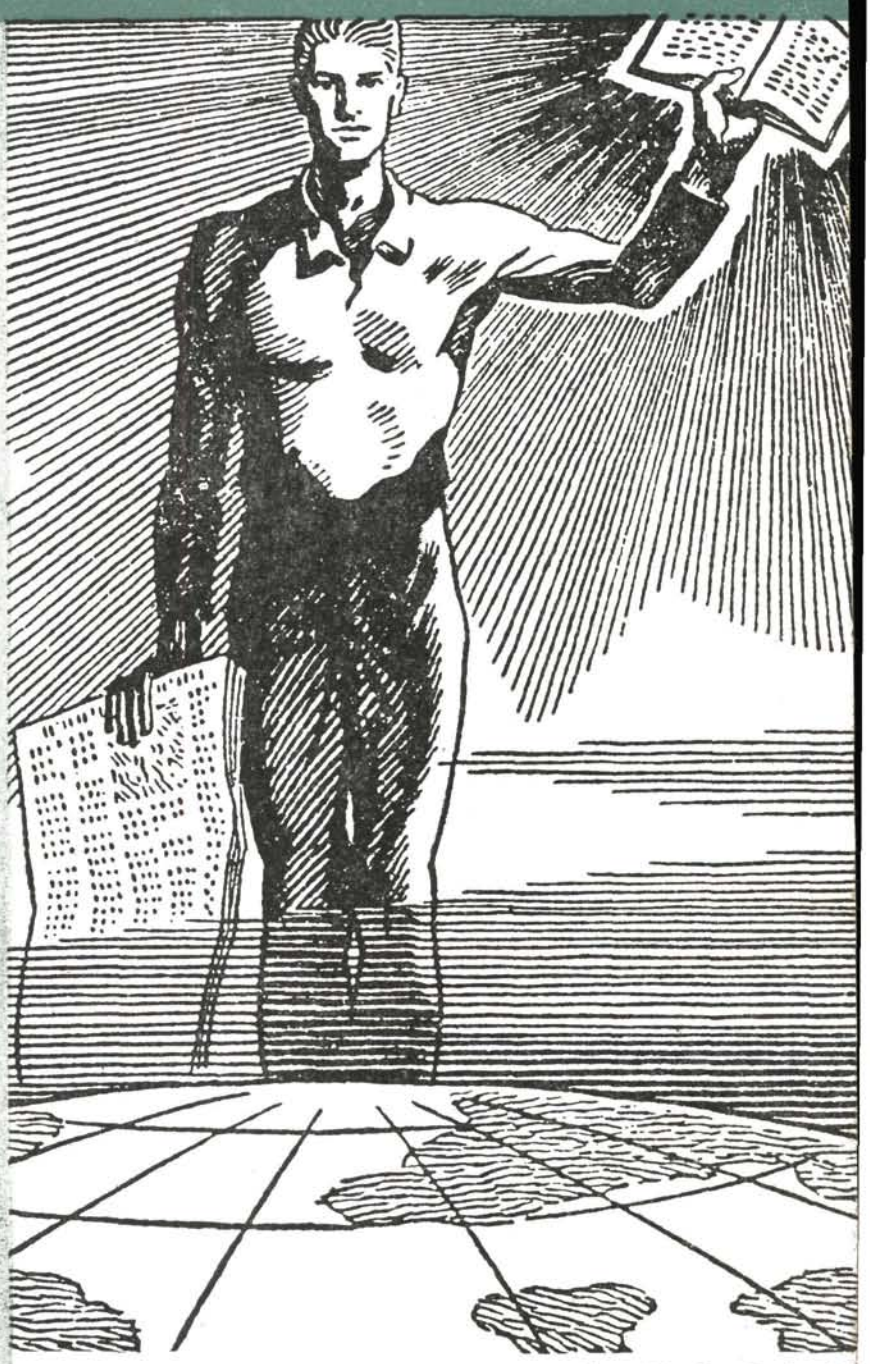

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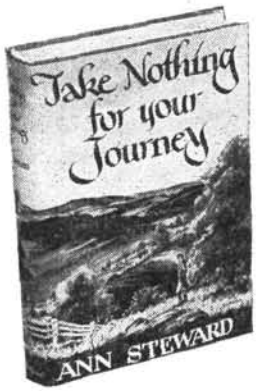

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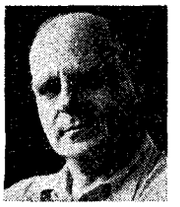

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When the Doctors Disagree

Conflicting Prescriptions for a World That Wants To Get Well

NORMAN ANGELL

HERE are three books* dealing with the post-war problem. Each is in many respects a good book. Yet the dominant impression left by reading them in succession is that of confusion and mutual contradiction—an impression which, it is true, would probably be left by the reading of any three books on this subject chosen at random from any thirty, or three hundred, lately published. These particular three taken together are not merely confusing in the sense that they recommend different and sometimes contradictory plans, but also in the sense that in the sum of their recommendations there is little agreement on the order of vital needs, on what is most important and what is less important, the order of steps which the non-specialist reader, who will be the court of final appeal in the shaping of policy, ought to take.

It is a curious fact that so often those who plan for peace seem to be so combative while engaged in the task. The planners are apt to be extremely exclusive, each seemingly rejecting all plans but his own, and vituperative of the other man's ideas. (These three books show more tolerance than most. But the post which brought them brought also an article by a very learned Continental official who explodes concerning what he calls the gross and colossal ignorance of Mr. Walter Lippmann. The charge, when examined, however, proves to be not an accusation of ignorance of facts, but one of drawing the wrong conclusion from the facts. This reviewer hazards the guess that events will almost certainly show Mr. Lippmann to be right and his angry critic wrong.)

Take the real problem of Mr. Culbertson's book, "Total Peace." If ten educated people were wrecked on a desert island and had no book but this single one to read and to discuss, there is enough controversial matter in it to keep the ten discussing it for ten years, and even then to be in fundamental disagreement at the end of the decade. Note one detail of many. Mr. Culbertson puts into italics this proposition: "So long as power politics prevail in the relation of sovereign states, the United States of America must oppose the formation of a United States of Europe." Mr. Culbertson also comes into conflict with both Mr. Lippmann in respect of the latter's nuclear alliance of the four great powers, and Mr. Churchill in respect of suggestions for a council of Europe and a council of Asia. The practical effect of such councils, says Mr. Culbertson, would be that "the United States would be excluded from Europe and gagged in Asia, leaving the field wide open to the power politicians of Britain and other states." He concludes:

> If the European League becomes, as is quite likely, a stooge for the power politics of Britain and her friends, then American participation becomes a farce. If the European League succeeds in establishing some sort of federalized union among the European nations, then it becomes an embryonic United States of Europe and a threat to us.

This, of course, brings Mr. Culbertson bang up against Coudenhove-Kalergi and his supporters. Furthermore, Mr. Culbertson finds the proposals of Professor Carr and Professor Spykman equally dangerous. Indeed, very many authorities are challenged on points involving a knowledge of history, of international politics, economics, national psychology, religion, industry, science, and if the jury which is finally to decide is to do its duty it must hear those other witnesses so challenged.

—SRI., Arni.

Norman Angell

But where is the jury that will finally decide? So far as the Democratic world is concerned, it is presumably the John and Jane Smiths of the United States, Britain, Scandinavia, France, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Latin America, and whoever their equivalents may be in Russia, China, India, the Balkans, the Arab world. Will these arguments, in page after page of interesting, often fascinating discussion, get as far as the Grand Assize of electorates, acting through parliament men, senators, congressmen, rival political parties, conventions, struggling with pressure groups concerned to promote very concrete agricultural, wage, trade, or professional special interests?

Mr. Maxwell Stuart recognizes this difficulty and at the beginning of his book seems to recognize that plans of themselves are of little avail. (A first-class constitution has often failed utterly to produce peace and order in a nation, while some other nation has achieved those things under a most defective and questionable constitution.) Mr. Stewart describes his book as an attempt to "summarize and clarify" the various programs of the experts for (1) the provision of jobs for all Americans who want work after the war; and (2) the prevention of World War III. He regards these two tasks as "intimately related to one another"; recognizes that there is no lack of scientific information, but that there does lack "a practicable program for neutralizing the prejudices and folklore which prevent modern men as a group from coming to grips with the problems in realistic terms." He thinks that the political and economic obstacles are secondary to "the educational, psychological and ethical chasms which must be bridged before a democracy can make a frontal attack on the realities of the present-day world."

This is an admirable program of clarification; put the neutralization

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**TOTAL PEACE. By Ely Culbertson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943 344 pp. $2.50.*

BUILDING FOR PEACE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Maxwell S. Stewart. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 240 pp. $2.50.

ROAD TO PEACE AND FREEDOM. By Irving Brant. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 278 pp. $2.

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of prejudices, and mischievous folklore, the educational, psychological, and ethical task first, before the detailed discussion of economic and political plans. But this is precisely what Mr. Stewart does not do. His preliminary chapter, "Some Myths Hindering Our Post War Thinking," is the briefest in the book, a mere page or two, the remainder of the volume being dedicated almost entirely to the detailed history and discussion of employment plans, social security systems, housing, health, child welfare, city designing, the relative nutritional value of various foods, taxation methods, anti-inflation measures—all interesting, and often interspersed with wise comment, but hardly a fulfilment of the promise to show us the outline of the forest, and the way through it or round it so that we shall not get lost among the trees. Of his two brief chapters which deal with the international anarchy, one does little more than glance at the Atlantic Charter and Federation as suggested by Culbertson and Streit respectively. If the early, all too brief, chapters on "Some Myths Hindering our Post War Thinking" and the final brief chapter on "What You Can Do" had been expanded into the major part of the book, the Jim Hogans to whom it is addressed would have been more helped than they are likely to be by the more purely economic issues to which the book addresses itself.

Of the three books, that by Mr. Irving Brant, "The Road to Peace and Freedom," comes nearest to fulfilling the program of myth-destruction drawn up by Mr. Maxwell Stuart, which is perhaps why, for one reader at least, this book is by far the most interesting of the three. While Mr. Brant at times accepts too readily current generalizations about the nature of ecenomic man, his approach is, on the whole, fresh and objective, and many a myth and incantation goes down in his interesting pages. Particularly is this so where he deals with Soviet Russia and with India. He recognizes, for instance, that India has now only a military value to Great Britain, a fact which, as he says, "is of paramount importance until Japan is defeated." He suggests that the need for the effective defense of India "will vanish with the peace." But will it? It is not merely, as Mr. Brant seems to suggest, a matter of maintaining "the military potential of a distant and alien ruling race," but of preventing the renewal of aggression, of which seventy million Japanese may prove themselves as capable as seventy millions of Germans have proved themselves to be only two decades after complete defeat. Germany became a danger to the freedom of the world, not because she was so much stronger than the non-German world, but because this latter was so divided that it could not use its potential power to defend itself. Any society must face at times the effort of a fanatical or discontented minority attempting to impose its will by violence, and if it is then so riven and divided that it cannot act as a unit, it will go under as a free community, because the aggressors can destroy it in detail. Europe did not reveal sufficient defensive unity to deter Germany, who has been able to use the resources of some twenty European

—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

"Better read the doormat, Adolf."

nations as instruments of aggression. A Europe so divided that its three hundred millions can be used by a Germany as a source of power has proved a menace to the freedom of mankind. An Indian of four hundred millions conquered by a Japan determined to use it in similar fashion would hardly be less so. The world may have to insure the defense of India—as indeed of all the members of the international society of the future—as part of the problem, of common defense against violence.

THAT, of course, is the first task of any society, the first step away from sheer anarchy—the use of the collective power of the community for the defense of its members against violence, destruction. This is as true of a society of nations as of one of persons. If we cannot mutually insure the right to life no other right can be of much value. Yet this simple truth, this quite obvious indication as to what should come first in our efforts, has not only been ignored in most of the discussion which has gone on this last twenty years, it has been deliberately repudiated by a great part of those whom Rose Macaulay once called "the not very intelligentia." The first task, we were told, was not to end the political anarchy and to insure the right of all nations to peace and security so that each could pursue its economic purpose in its own way, but to get rid of economic privilege, "to blast the foundations of the old economic order," to abolish the profit system, dethrone the capitalist, put an end to unemployment. The fact that none of these difficult things could be accomplished in a world in which every nation went in danger of destruction or conquest by any gang which could capture a state (as the Nazis captured Germany) and then use it to overcome its neighbors one by one, was simply not faced in most of the radical literature of the interwar years. What the crisis of that time demanded, above all perhaps, was the recognition by bourgeois states that they had one interest in common with non-bourgeois states like Russia—the interest of survival as nations; that this right should be defended in common, irrespective of other differences; that bourgeois or capitalist states should undertake to guarantee the right of Russia to existence as a nation, whatever economic policy she pursued, in return for Russia's guarantee of the right of other nations to life as states, whatever economic policy *they* followed. This, however, was not the proper line, insisted so much of the intelligentia. The right line, they declared, was, first of all, to make the bourgeois or capitalist states socialist or communist, and then put power behind the triumphant doctrine. This, in its turn, was based on the dogma that, since economics determined policy, there could be no common interest as between capitalist and socialist nations.

On all this, events are a sufficient commentary. Russia's right to go on with her socialist experiment will be vindicated by the help of such capitalist states as America and Britain; and the right of these two to their preferred system or method will be vindicated by the help of Russian Communists. It would seem, then, that there is, after all, a common interest, over and above the economic differences, and that events have compelled all of us to put that common interest first. If we had seen earlier what events are teaching late, the bloodshed and torments might have been spared.

The three books here noticed are on the whole a good deal freer than their predecessors from this confusion between the economic purpose and the making of the political instrument by which alone that purpose can be achieved. But it crops up even in them. Almost the first task in the clarification of any complex issue is to determine what things come first, and then to put them first alike in public effort and public understanding.

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What a Capitalist Reads

One Man's Literary Meat: Part II

THOMAS W. LAMONT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last week,* The Saturday Review *published the first of two articles by Thomas W. Lamont, head of the house of J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc., on the current reading of a typical capitalist. The concluding article follows.*

IN last week's issue of *The Saturday Review,* I mentioned two or three works of fiction that had recently served to entertain me, and then, in the serious field, I commented favorably on two American books much in the public eye of late, Mr. Walter Lippmann's and Mr. Wendell Willkie's. Happily I find many persons have been moved to write me in vigorous terms of agreement or disagreement with my observations. Perhaps I shall be equally favored if anyone takes note of this second instalment about some of the books that interested me last summer.

"The Ship"

If Americans want to know the type of war book that appeals to their British cousins they will read "The Ship," which has had great vogue in England. It is the brilliant and heroic tale in the guise of fiction of a British light cruiser in the Mediterranean in 1942, when, what with Dunquerque, the German blitz over England, urgent calls for British naval protection from the Far East and other quarters of the globe, Britain's Mediterranean squadron was reduced to meagre proportions. Crete had fallen. But Malta, though daily bombed and devastated, still stood firm and at all hazards had to be held as Britain's anchor in the mid-Mediterranean, even though her slender squadrons challenged all the might of the heavy Italian battleships.

Richard Llewellyn

In the tale of "The Ship," written by that veteran, C. S. Forester, whose "Captain Hornblower" made such an appeal to the public, a squadron of these enemy battleships and heavy cruisers finally ventures out from hiding. Whereupon an intrepid group of British light cruisers, many times outweighed in tonnage and armor, and with an effective shooting radius far less than that of the big Italian guns, dashes forth, staging a veritable David and Goliath contest. The Ship and its fellow light cruisers lay down a smoke screen—but I will not spoil the stirring tale. Twice hit almost mortal blows by the Italian battleship's 14-inch guns, reeling and staggering well nigh to its death, The Ship keeps in the struggle and finally with its fellows drives back the heavy-jowled Italian dogs of war.

Some people may have found "The Ship" over-technical in its naval terms. I, the most untechnical man of my acquaintance, did not find it so. "The Ship's" author spent several weeks on the cruiser and in this final battle he brings forth all his surpassing powers to picture the character, the alertness, the complete intrepidity, the never-say-die qualities of The Ship and of all its crew and—wonder of wonders—there is tender romance in it, as well. And to me it is comforting to think that in neither British nor American naval history (*vide* John Paul Jones and James Lawrence) has the tradition ever been to refuse to fight because the chances of victory were slight. I am no Englishman, but I loved "The Ship."

"None But the Lonely Heart"

In this book, far removed from the scene of war, there is plenty of rough stuff done up in the modern manner and in a novel that can grip and sadden the oldest sinner. As to Mr. Llewellyn's "None But the Lonely Heart," I read many of the current reviews of it. No one of them gave me an adequate idea of the emotion, the passion, the urgency of this book. Never having moved in the underworld of London, I was yet seldom at a loss to interpret

C. S. Forester

the extraordinary Limehouse cockney jargon in which Mr. Llewellyn clothes his stirring tale. Hardly a page is free from some expression that my sainted mother would have called "coarse," but it seems only a part of the sordid and lively scene. It is hard to believe that this Richard Llewellyn is the same young man who wrote "How Green Was My Valley," that poignantly lovely tale of the Welsh coal miners. Yet perhaps we can see in the hopeless Ernie Mott's yearning for his hard-bitten but devoted mother, in his longing for Ada whose delights of the flesh he can never hope to attain, some of the same spirit that made Mr. Llewellyn's Welsh romance so full of understanding and appeal. But I can well imagine that most of the nice people who loved "How Green Was My Valley" will turn up their noses in disdain and even horror over the vulgar, even though human, emotions spread forth in Shakesperean lustiness of phrasing on the pages of "None But the Lonely Heart."

Detective and Spy Stories

As for fiction in the detective and German spy line, I was bound, in the course of a summer, to run through a lot of it. No need to mention all the titles. People ask me why English spy stories are generally better than American. The answer is easy. The British writers have more to go on. In both World Wars British Intelligence in and out of Germany had been excellent. It is a permanent institution. Certain young and capable English chaps acquire their German early so that it is a second mother tongue to them. They may go and live in Germany for years. They seem to become Teutonized. But on the

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secret British payrolls they deliver the goods when the time comes. They are as German in appearance, tongue, and occupation as anyone, and how can they be detected among sixty or seventy millions of their seeming kind? Yet, alas! sometimes they are. And then after a long period of complete silence they, like the submarines which have come up for soundings for the last time, are sadly checked off on the list of missing. But their deeds live after them.

There has perhaps been nothing in this war to match John Buchan in the last war with his "39 Steps," "Greenmantle," and "Mr. Standfast." But if I am going to mention any one of those I read on the lazy August afternoons looking out over blue Penobscot Bay, perhaps it would be Ngaio Marsh's "Colour Scheme." The scenario is far from Germany itself, in Miss Marsh's native New Zealand, among the high volcanic mountains, with a background of semi-civilized Maoris to deepen this particular color scheme. Just who, of all that weird group of white people in the decrepit pension, was the fifth columnist? Which one was it that was luring troop and cargo ships to destruction? From whose tortured body was wrenched that fearful scream when in darkest night the poor wretch was pushed into that hideous pool of boiling, bubbling, gurgling mud? Or did he just trip and fall? I was a poor guesser. Perhaps you were better. At any rate, our thanks to Ngaio!

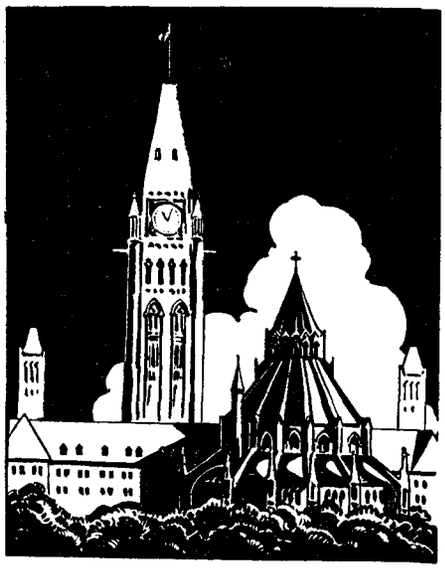
"History of the English-Speaking Peoples"

Now here again is more serious stuff: The year has seen a perfect spate of books bearing upon Anglo-American relations. Perhaps the most important is "History of the English-Speaking Peoples," by R. B. Mowat and Preston Slosson. By mentioning certain sections contained in its 550 pages I can give an idea of the ground that the volume covers: growth of the English tradition from its origins to the discovery of the New World (not much new material in this you may say, but so refreshingly put together that it reads like Macaulay); Britain in the days of Empire, the growth of a people inhabiting only the British Isles to colonial expansion overseas; the narrowly won war of the American Revolution, a conflict too that once and for all taught England such lessons as revolutionized her methods of handling her colonies.

Few of us have studied the rebuilding of the British Empire as it is here set forth. Few of us have realized the sound character of the growing structure. Still fewer of us—and none of our chronic anti-Britishers—have ever studied the meaning and the necessity to the protection of our own world trade of Britain's strategic outposts of Empire. If there had not been lodged in strong hands the key points such as Gibraltar and Malta to guard the half-way waters of the Mediterranean, Suez, Cape Town, Calcutta, Singapore, the Falklands, Freetown, and so on, such strongholds, most of them not in themselves economically self-supporting, might well have been in the hands of nations, unenlightened, unprogressive, even hostile. The desperate efforts that Germany (and now her Axis partner, Japan) has made in two wars to gain these possessions shows their supreme strategic value. If Britain had not held them open and free for her own and our world trade, we might have had to invent or create them for ourselves.

The later part of the volume, describing the English-speaking peoples between the two World Wars is less well done. The authors attempt a bit of economic determinism. They admit that American public opinion in the early years of World War I was hardened against Germany by depredations of German submarines upon our commerce and by the series of atrocious acts involving America. But they seem to feel that American farmers and producers were unduly influenced by their fine trade with the Allies. They fail to point out that there was above all a growing realization in America that in the event of the defeat of Britain, then our own liberties would be directly imperiled. The truth is that neither in 1917 nor in the present conflict could either of the great English-speaking peoples stand idly by and see the other overwhelmed by a barbarian aggressor like Germany or Japan.

There are some penetrating chapters on the many-sided and versatile, often contradictory Thomas Jefferson. It could only have been a Thomas Jefferson who was far-sighted enough to conclude with speed and vigor and without Congressional consent the epoch-making Louisiana Purchase; and then, five years after, do his country such a disservice as to anticipate by a century and a quarter the Senate isolationists of 1935 with their so-called Neutrality Act. For in 1807, in fact, Jefferson declared a complete trade embargo against the warring nations, Great Britain and France, and said that he would maintain it even if grass grew in the streets of our cities. And that is just what did happen. Our principal foreign buyers were denied access here, our lively export trade languished and, except for some bootlegging, died. The grass grew in the streets of New York and there were hunger and riots. To cap the climax, even then we did not keep out of the war but got in on the wrong side—on the side of Napoleon, the dictator and ravisher of weaker lands. It was in line with Jefferson's pattern, only worse, that in 1935 with our Neutrality Act (which when he signed it President Roosevelt truly said was better calculated to get us into war than to keep us out of it) we gave Hitler and the other tyrants a green light to go ahead and prey upon the weaker nations, knowing that they would be denied all possible war supplies by the United States.



"The Making of Modern Britain"

"The Making of Modern Britain" has the advantage of being written by Americans, John Bartlett Brebner and Allan Nevins of Columbia University, and nobody can say that it is in the nature of a British plea for Britain. Mr. Brebner is responsible for the bulk of the volume,—229 pages and you are finished with them before you can say knife—but Allan Nevins's first chapter, "The Significance of British History," is a classic. Nevins, it will be remembered, two years ago wrote a brief history of the United States for English schools. little words for little fingers. That small volume of his was widely distributed through the English school system and no doubt has done a bit to clarify that dim and misty memory which most Britons have of some minor colonial rising in America in the eighteenth century. I have always loved that old Encyclopaedia Britannica account of the taking of Ticonderoga, worded in the best British style: "On May 10, 1775, a small expedition under Ethan Allen, a backwoods strategist untrammeled by military pedantry, captured the fort by ruse instead of costly assault." Hurray for the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!

If these same English school chil-

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dren and their elders could now read Nevins's chapter, I will wager they would get a better picture of their own fair land than that furnished in such a brief space of print by any of their own historians. Indeed, these few pages reveal and renew the pageant of British history from its earliest times, its picturesqueness, its beauty, its valor, its variety, and yet its continuity made possible by a thread of consistency, constantly growing in strength and vigor through the centuries.

Here Mr. Nevins not only paints a vivid and glowing picture of ancient, medieval, and modern Britain, but he describes for us the growth of character and philosophy which has made this great nation the power that it is. It has been the story of a people who have advanced by evolutionary rather than revolutionary methods, who have shown a constant development of the moderate points of view, the capacity for compromise in the political and social field. In England for centuries it has been the individual that counts, and any American who visits England in these war days of all-out effort, under strict government regulations, and then comes back home and blandly suggests that free enterprise in England is going to the dogs and that we shall see a postwar socialist England just doesn't know what he is talking about. It was only a few weeks ago that we heard Professor Gilbert Murray, the great Greek scholar of Oxford, the most liberal of liberals, himself decrying the present gloomy and wholly unjustified predictions of the English Leftists.

Let such a critical American visitor read Brebner and Nevins—and he may see some reasons why his inferences today are wrong. He will realize the early and steady development of social consciousness in England—it

—Louisville Courier Journal

"The rainy season's late, too."

was by the way the younger Pitt who introduced the income tax during the Napoleonic Wars a century and a quarter ago. If some of our Leftists wish to see a pattern for progress, let them study the development in the British Isles through the generations of civil liberty and political freedom. These are the principles that our own founding fathers inherited, adapted, and set the pattern for in the political growth of our own vast domain.

No matter how little Americans may care for certain of the British characteristics, no matter how tired some Englishmen may seem to make us at times, yet with Dunquerque and the repulse of the German blitz fresh in our minds, these two unbiased American authors are right when they declare as to Britain: "Its cardinal virtues are its vigor, its honesty, its decency, its resourcefulness, its optimism, and its courage. They combine to make up a strength that in time of trial can be stubbornly dauntless—and more than once the world has had reason to lean on that strength."

But I have said enough. There is not a dull page in this volume where the insight of these two Americans appears on every page.

"The English People"

Everybody who has read it has a good word for D. W. Brogan's "The English People." Brogan, British born and educated (Glasgow University and Oxford) spent some years in America in the twenties and took a master's degree in American history at Harvard. Thus he knows both countries, and as he has been lecturer at Cambridge, Oxford, and the University of London, he is regarded at home as a leading British authority on America.

Brogan emphasizes how impossible it is for a democracy to prepare for war in time of peace. Germany readily consented from 1933 on to complete regulation, to the suppression of all freedom, to the creation even of an imaginary enemy—in this case, the Jews. England, no more than America, is of the stuff to be subjected to such preliminary regulation. It takes a Dunquerque or a Pearl Harbor to shake us out of our complacency, and it is "only in the presence of imminent and immediate danger" that democracies like America and Britain are able successfully to suppress individual rights. In the immediate pre-war years the English allowed "position after position to be abandoned to Hitler while they were pondering their exact moral duty to the German-speaking inhabitants of the Sudetenlands or the rights or wrongs of the plebiscites in Upper Silesia." How well put that statement

—Philadelphia Inquirer

"Yoo-hoo, were you looking for me?"

is! The English hate war just as much as we do, and as long as they possibly could they closed their eyes to the threat of it.

Mr. Brogan does not indicate how he would handle Germany after the war, but he does take decided exception to Harold Laski and the other mealy-mouthed people who urge that we ought to make great discrimination between Germany's present *behavior* as contrasted with the fundamental, meerschaum-smoking-and-kindly-hausfrau *character* of the German people. "What in the world are they talking about?" Brogan asks. "How can the character of a people show itself except in their behavior?" And he points out how Bismarck with his three or four quick and successful wars provided Hitler with the very background that he needed ten years ago to gain ready acquiescence and even exultant support from the Germans as a people for his career of brutality.

But you would better read this essay for yourself and welcome its realism. Brogan warns all his countrymen and us against attempting, in our idealism, to make the whole world over at one stroke. All the great Allies today have by their very acts, he says, shown that they will fight to preserve their homes and lives and their countries, but that they will not fight primarily for the purpose of establishing a new social order. However, Brogan does whole-heartedly believe there is one thing that both England and America have in common. That is a sincere belief that "righteousness" does in fact exalt a nation. And he seems to thank the Lord that both the Americans and British have come to realize that without each other the victory that we all deem is impending would not be possible.

Brogan's final word about his own people leads me to wonder: We are accustomed to say that they rose to the heights of their steadfastness and

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courage in the dark and frightful twelvemonth after France's fall in June, 1940, when single-handed and with no effective allies, England stood alone and outstayed the powers of darkness. But I am not at all sure that England did not even more clearly show the liberty-loving principles that she held dear for herself and for the world when in September, 1939, the people of that land, shrinking as they did from war, yet insisted that their Government should fulfill its pledge to Poland, and throw down the gauntlet against Hitler's ceaseless extension of tyranny—even though destruction itself might threaten their beloved island. Down through all time it will be Britain's glory that she alone among all the nations did not wait to be directly attacked.

"Journey Among Warriors"

When I asked Eve Curie how in the world she was able to set down and preserve all the material with which her almost 500 thrilling pages are packed, she replied that in the course of each day she would make scattered notes on scraps of paper and then when she turned in, no matter how dead with fatigue she was, how blinded with sleep, she would write out all those notes—else their meaning, after even twenty-four hours lapse, would be gone. That then accounts in part for the fulness and freshness of her reporting.

But to accomplish such an arduous journey, to penetrate through baffling official barriers to many secret places that gave her information and background—that indeed required all the extraordinary qualities of persistance and courage that Eve Curie possesses in such abundance. And almost every page bears witness to these characteristics. After all, her chronicle is one that, before all else, shows the heroic qualities of our Russian and Chinese allies.

The best part of the book, to my mind, is devoted to the Russian scene. These pages seem to get closest to the heart of things, to give us that extraordiarily intimate and vivid picture of what sublime sacrifice the men and women were making to save the country dear to their hearts. After reading her account we can well say to ourselves that since June of 1941, the time of the German invasion, the achievements on the battlefield of Marshal Stalin and all his generals have been almost overshadowed by the magnificence of the Russian people.

Finally, although this is not in Eve Curie's book, it is interesting to note how Germany, after having yearned for eastern dominion for generations (Drang nach Osten, Berlin to Baghdad,

Eve Curie

and all that), and having felt that Russia was eternally blocking her way, has now succeeded, as the result of the two world wars that she herself initiated, in transforming a possible barrier into an actual one. Germany had always considered Russia a poor country. Germany has turned her into a country of enormous wealth and power. It is Germany that has brought the Russian people together as one, that has made 170,000,000 people united and skilful, and possessing a strength never before revealed.

In World War I, as a result of Germany's fruitless aggression, the barrier formed by the Austro-Hungarian Empire fell to pieces. Now Germany has completed the job and finished herself so far as eastern sway is concerned. When, in 1933 Hitler declared that his chief ambition in life was to destroy Bolshevism, he gave his clear guns-for-butter notice to Stalin that sooner or later Russia would have to fight to defend herself against Germany. Yes, Hitler has succeeded in making the Russians the strongest nation on the Continent of Europe. How can the Germans ever forgive themselves and their Fuehrer for this?

But I cannot for a moment share the apprehensions of those who seem to think that Russia will now attempt to project communism over the rest of Europe. During the '20s the Trotsky idea of world revolution was disturbing to many people. But the idea today that Russia after the war will try to communize America or any other Western nation has no place in any of the probabilities. First, the Soviet attitude towards external revolution has radically changed. Premier Stalin has publicly declared more than once that the Soviet has no longer interest in the spread of its economic theories beyond its borders. I believe his statements, because they are reasonable and logical. Secondly, Stalin and his associates are going to have their hands full with the long and painful task of restoring their own devastated land. With the best part of their farming and industrial regions laid waste, with living conditions reduced to an alarmingly low scale, they have a fearful labor before them to work back into something like a normal life. They will have no time nor zest for foreign political proselyting. On the contrary, they will be all-out for the import from America and England of machinery and technicians rather than for the export to those countries of Russian economic ideas. Indeed Stalin is reputed to be already saying that Russia, for at least twenty-five years after the war, requires a great volume of American capital goods. He talks of a minimum of 10,000 locomotives, 50,000 freight cars, thousands upon thousands of electric plants (for communal farms), refrigerators by the hundreds of thousands.

In such a program there is not much room for political proselyting. As for the American Communist Party, it is nothing but a weak bogeyman. The party here has no standing, following, or influence. It is mischievous because it yells a lot and purports to have Moscow backing, which it has not. But beyond that its existence here is not a matter for concern.

The American and the Russian people have wide outlooks and immense interests in common. Thus, if we are grateful to the Russians for withstanding and desperately weakening the enemy at our own throats, then it is for us to search for ways to render those interests and purposes even more compatible tomorrow than they are today. Some of us continue to grouse about the Russians' politics, their economics, and their attitude towards religion. On these matters it would perhaps be useful if we could learn to mind our own business. Let us be friends with our friends and save our polemics for our enemies. I have come to that point of view despite, as to religion, a pious upbringing in a country parsonage, and as to economics, a forty-year association in the world of American affairs where the advantages of the capitalist system over communism have been fairly well impressed upon me.

By agreement with Doubleday, Doran & Co., *The Kenyon Review* of Gambier, Ohio, announces a contest, "The 1944 Short Story Prizes," with a first prize of $500.00 and a second prize of $250.00 offered by the book publishers. The contest opens April 1, and closes May 31, 1944.

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The Trough of Plenty

WHY WOMEN CRY, OR WENCHES WITH WRENCHES. By Elizabeth Hawes. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 221 *pp.* $2.50.

SNOOT IF YOU MUST. By Lucius Beebe. D. Appleton-Century Co. New York: 1943. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHY PARKER

ELIZABETH HAWES is a spirited, thoughtful, courageous, conscious, progressive, hot-hearted, and sharp-minded woman. So I think the least we can do in her honor is to say nothing whatever about that sub-title of her new book.

Miss Hawes was a famous dressmaker; her name was mighty in those circles where are discussed the miracle of so manipulating striped cloth that the stripes meet and kiss and flow away again in lines of such sweetness that the effect on the wearer's figure is like that of a valentine on her spirit. She achieved enormous success and/or astronomical prices. It seems to me that if I had been a smart dressmaker and had seen women from a smart dressmaker's point of view, my one work thereafter would be in the cause of having the whole sex ploughed under. But Miss Hawes is of stronger stuff. She threw up—in every sense of the phrase, I gather—her career, and took a job in a defense plant. There she worked among women. Here, in her book, she works for them.

It is a swift book, written with a good, lusty impatience. There has been too much patience, anyway; it was, at best, the dowdiest of all the virtues. Miss Hawes wants things done, and done now. More, she has a plan for the way to do them. She has a plan for the married woman who works outside her home—either for economic reasons alone, or for both them and the equally respectable and necessary ones of full growth and social usefulness—to function admirably in the capacities of wife, mother, and worker. It is her contention—and mine, too, while you're up—that "the present method of running the American Home results in males having wenches rather than women for wives, thus stunting the growth of the male and making it impossible for the home, the community, and the nation to attain their full strength by men and women working together." You could file, really, her plan under one word—the best word we have: coöperation.

—*Steiner-Morris*
Elizabeth Hawes

You might think that such prints for the betterment of woman's lot would result in heavy going for the reader. I promise you, they do not. It is a curious thing that only when Miss Hawes sees fit to go sprightly does the reader experience a sensation as of quicksand rising about his ankles. When Miss Hawes is serious and dedicated and passionate, she is a fine writer, and what is perhaps more important, a stimulating one. "Perhaps," hell, at this time; the word I was searching for is "certainly."

* * *

It is a far cry, if you do collect coined phrases, from Elizabeth Hawes's book to the new work of Lucius Beebe. It is exceedingly difficult for me to write of Mr. Beebe's volume. In the first place, I cannot understand what in God's name I am doing, at my time of life, sitting alone in a room with a book called "Snoot If You Must."

Mr. Beebe seems to me the most enviable of men, for I know of none other so easily delighted. A night-club photographer, a men's tailor, a third-from-the-bottom placer on the list of best-dressed women—these guide his pen to trace such words as "fabulous." He finds it worthy of record that he once drove down Fifth Avenue atop a horse-drawn coach, in company with Mr. Monty Woolley, the motion picture actor, and various less bearded folk on an Easter morning. It was a cold day, and so they were all drinking brandy from a bottle—I am sure it was the *best* brandy from the *best* bottle. Just in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mr. Woolley, the cute kid, dropped the bottle onto the street. End of anecdote.

More puzzling to me, in these times of scarcity of paper, is Mr. Beebe's inclusion of the story of a lady who, in the days of coffee rationing, arrived at a night club long after the dinner hour and commanded a brandy and a coffee. The waiter was sorry; the

—*Steiner-Morris*
Lucius Beebe

brandy, of course, but as coffee was rationed, a single cup might be served to one who had dined at the spot, but none to such as had not.

The lady, in Mr. Beebe's prose, "was a little miffed and doubted if her demitasse would do the war effort any irreparable damage." She sent, as such ladies do, for the maître d' hotel.

"You remember prohibition?" she asked. "How we all got used after a while to having cocktails bootlegged to us in a coffee cup? Well, now the times have changed and the liquor is legal and the coffee is not, don't you imagine you could just bootleg me a little black coffee in a cocktail glass?"

This ingratiating plea took me to the bottom of the page, and, naturally, I turned to see how the story ended. Nope. There was a fresh history on the next page. This was, so help me, the entire anecdote.

I see that Mr. Beebe's "Snoot If You Must" (it is surely some dark, dark masochism that makes me say that title again) is widely advertised for the Christmas trade. It must be what I believe is known as a gift book. That is to say, a book which you wouldn't take on any other terms.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 506)

B. CARMAN:

THE TWELFTH NIGHT STAR

The earth lies dark and still
Till one great silver planet shines
Above the eastern hill.

. . . . . .

In the blue Syrian night.
But who are now as wise as they
Whose faith could read the sign

. . . . . .

And show the tread of common life
Ineffably divine?

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A Modern America in Liberia

HIGH HATS AND TOM-TOMS. By Elizabeth Dearmin Furbay. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1943. 307 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THIS report on the Republic of Liberia by the sharp-eyed and warm-hearted young wife of the Quaker president of an American college in the African nation will probably not be received with thanksgivings by that country's politicians and publicists. It may be rejected by Negroes in the United States as an improbable report. American Negro troops now quartered there may come back to question it. Nevertheless, Elizabeth Furbay has written in obvious affection as well as convincing candor of the republic which emerges from her pages as a comic, tragic, and always interesting black man's land.

Mrs. Furbay seemed to me to be free of serious prejudice and certainly free of any desire to belittle the free people of a free land whatever their color. But she has preferences among the Liberians. Somehow, the dignity of the uncivilized African tribesman in his native bush seems to her superior to both the institutions and the pretensions which the Americo-Liberian aristocrats brought back from their sojourn in slavery in the United States. Indeed, the aristocrats in Monrovia appear almost like figures in a self-governed minstrel show—or in black melodrama in which "the Americo-Liberian has out-done all the Simon Legrees of American slavery" in his treatment of his own race. Descendants of American freedmen and natives have merged some ridiculous foibles of the American white man with the juju superstitions of the bush.

Mrs. Furbay is no prude, though a Quaker. Her descriptions of the mixture of insistent Christianity and casual polygamy, of elaborate etiquette and elastic morals in Monrovia, are the reports of a realistic young modern American rather than those of a scandalized missionary educator's wife. Indeed, Mrs. Furbay is almost the ideal reporter on Liberia for the ordinary American. She is no technician to tell us of soil and resources. She reports climate not as a meteorologist but as a heat-besieged, almost heat-destroyed, temperate-zone human being. But from her good, clear-eyed normalness she sees and reports with wisdom, clarity, and often amusing common sense the facts about a much misinterpreted country.

In three years as an African Coaster, Mrs. Furbay saw almost every aspect of the African Republic. She watched the social, political, and love life of the town; she traveled with her husband and young son deep into the bush. What she reports must make a depressing story for white and Negro sentimentalists who have accepted at face value the reports of Negro democracy on the West Coast of Africa advancing to a special contribution to freedom and civilization. Her realistic account, however, does not merely deflate one African example of democracy and its dark citizens. Also, the Americo-Liberians in themselves serve as satire of the personal pretensions of American aristocrats which the Negroes took back to Africa but which remain also in the United States.

Indeed, on the limited stage of Monrovia the small company of European and American diplomats, missionaries, and business men sometimes show themselves in their own quarrels and pretensions as ridiculous as the most comic of the Liberian aristocrats and their ladies. Dignity and a true sense of values seem restricted to the natives in their tribal communities. It is not Africa which is at fault, nor

Elizabeth Dearmin Furbay

the Africans, as Mrs. Furbay writes her story. It is the top hat that is the symbol of ludicrous sadness, not the tom-toms. Among whites and blacks what her book exposes is the comic disparity between the pretenses of civilization and the prevalence of human perversity. Liberia emphasizes this comic condition of mankind.

The Development of Apollo

KOUROI. By Gisela M. A. Richter. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 428 *pp.* $15.

Reviewed by C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

MISS RICHTER, the author of this magnificent monograph, is Curator of the Greek and Roman Department of the Metropolitan Museum and without question the greatest living authority on the subject of Greek sculpture. In writing the book she has enjoyed the coöperation of her sister, Irma A. Richter, a distinguished sculptor, and of Gerard M. Young, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens, who took especially for this volume 208 of its 483 beautiful photographs.

This is a study of the development of the Greek kouros, or "Apollo" as it is popularly called (one of the finest is in the Metropolitan), from its first appearance in the seventh century B.C. to the early fifth, by which time the Greek sculptor has mastered anatomical structure and was ready for the problem of adapting form to action and movement. The inquisitive people, who above all others in history believed in the primacy of reason, discovered and mastered naturalistic art in a century, a feat that the Egyptians did not achieve in more than two thousand years. The great art of fifth-century Greece, of Rome and the Italian Renaissance, of modern France, are all founded on the achievements of early Greece.

But this volume does more than illumine the exuberant, vital simplicity of archaic Greek sculpture, for Miss Richter projects the art against the background of its time, so that we understand better a fascinating period in history, and with it gain a clearer insight into a people who believed supremely in the dignity of the individual and the beauty of the human spirit. As Miss Ritcher remarks, when we read Sappho's lines "Around the fair moon the stars hide their bright beauty," or "When the moon spreads her light over the salt sea and the flowery field and the dew lies so fair on the ground and the roses bloom," we feel that something of the same radiant clarity has passed into our kouroi. And when we remember the sayings attributed to Thales, "The oldest of all things is God, for he is uncreated. The most beautiful is the universe, for it is God's handiwork," we feel that the same simple grandeur has been expressed in the kouroi.

Scholars will use this book for years. Laymen who are interested in the great milestones of scholarship and more particularly in a fundamental work on art will also wish to own it.

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Crisscrossing French Landscape

HOME IS THE HUNTER. By Gontran de Poncins. Translated by Haakon Chevalier. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 271 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

READERS of "Kabloona" still remember the strange beauty of Gontran de Poncins's first volume. Outwardly but the sober report of an amateur ethnologist on his travels among Eskimos, that book on every single page gained in breadth and stature. An uncanny understanding of an exotic way of life had met with truly poetical qualities.

These elements are present again in his new offering—which, in a metaphorical sense, leads the reader again among people of an exotic stock. For the author's portrait of patriarchal French country life, while bearing the marks of sincerity and utter insight, will appear highly alien to even those foreign tourists who have widely crisscrossed France's landscape. Again, as in "Kabloona," M. de Poncins achieves his results without any psychological contrivances or artifices.

His book has no plot. It is all about the return of Jean Ménadieu, a retired domestic, to the aristocratic family he has served for forty years—the same way as that land-owning family itself for centuries has felt the obligation to serve its possessions. The threatening disintegration of the milieu forms the background, or rather the counterpoint, of the narrative. The author passes not the shadow of a critical judgment upon the handful of his characters. He accepts their inherited traits and their personal demeanor as the old servant accepts the peculiarities of his masters. And like Jean Ménadieu he accepts them with love.

A slight change in the spelling of that protagonist's name, however, suggests something beyond a mere bucolic genre picture: Ménadieu . . . *mène a dieu* . . . leads to God. And the unusual dedication of the book leaves no doubt that humility forms the core of its author's philosophy—humility *vis-à-vis* the phenomenon of man, humble acceptance of, and stubborn perseverance upon, one's allotted place on earth. *Service* is the key word throughout the story. From the human angle, the old lackey is as touching a figure as any aged house slave in a Southern nineteenth century romance, and due to his creator's gifts creditable *ad unguem*; and if the reader permits himelf to be carried away by the idyll—as he is pretty sure to be—neither the austere feudalism of the lord of the manor nor the pride of his tenant farmers to be his, are anything like repulsive. But all this cannot gloss over the fact that these are medieval concepts, and whatever their individual charm, come perilously close to the homely slogans which, alas, so well succeeded in making social and political reaction palatable to certain Continental classes.

Now M. de Poncins's philosophy of serving is miles apart from Charles Maurras's dangerous formula of the "France of my clan, my family, my friends" as the only valid concept of his country. But yet there remains the question whether the author was altogether fortunate in his decision to reveal France in her most parochial, even if in one of her most spiritual, aspects.

Writing as an exile—and as a French exile at that—, he is working under the impact of nostalgia, and nostalgia is bound to center around the most intimate images of the longed-for land. And of the element of time nostalgia knows nothing. Perhaps if M. de Poncins insisted less than he does on conveying a moral message by means of a society whose lasting value is controversial, the reader would more greatly enjoy his well-nigh magic talent of presentation. In any case he will, after this new volume, look forward to the future development of a highly remarkable writer.

Gontran de Poncins

The Return to the Soil

THE OUTSIDE LEAF. By Ben Field. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 237 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS is an American novel wound hard and tight about its central theme: a passion for the land and its produce; and the chief protagonist is a Jewish tobacco farmer. A new twist, we feel at first, a new character playing one of our standard natives roles. Is it bad casting? That depends on how thoroughly sold we are on one of the many misconceptions of the Jew, as a congenital child of the city, a buyer and seller, a soft-handed keeper of books, and on how thoroughly we have forgotten his historic beginnings, before he had to assume so many successive roles. The Jew, says Ben Field, can be again the devoted husband of the soil, and can regain from it as from nothing else his old strength and integrity. For example we have Moe Miller, who works his Connecticut tobacco farm almost single-handed with Yankee stubbornness and Bunyanish feats of energy. He is huge of body, laconic of word, fierce-spirited, jealous of everything that might keep him from reaping the fruits of his land. The war interferes; he'll attend to that too but first the tobacco crop. There is no help; he does the work of three men. And final hurdle is the troubling Irish girl, Mary Foley, who works for him, whose beauty divides him till he must solve it the only way he can, take her and the land together.

Moe is a hugely conceived figure, far out of the beaten path of the Jew in fiction. His strength proceeds out of the land; when he is thinking or speaking of it, or working on it, all the natural powers of man are unlocked in him, and he strides upon it like a hero. He never speaks poetry but he acts it out. Field knows and loves tobacco farming, and writes of it as an old, intricate, and beloved science. As a minor strain, calculated to twine melodiously about the dominant motif of Moe, Field gives us a couple of beautiful portraits of Moe's parents, Israel and Esther Miller. These are the minor-key Jews we know, sweet, desperate, and melancholy. Their history sings in their words, composed all of love for their son and fear of what he does. Mary Foley is a clear, wild bugle-note that seems to herald, for them, unspeakable disaster. It is for Moe to resolve all these things, as he does always in terms of his one preoccupation—the farm, the tractor, the beautiful, yellow, outside leaf. Field has written this out with such vigor and unity of effect and beauty that his book seems one of the best novels of the season.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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A London Report

The English Still Know How To Take It

HENRY C. WOLFE

THE Luftwaffe is still raiding London. There was a raid every night during my final week there. Not big raids, of course. Veterans of the 1940-41 Blitz are not impressed by "what old Jerry" can do now. These night attacks are brief affairs, usually staged by small groups of from six to fifteen planes. For this purpose Goering is using fighter-bombers, machines that can come in fast, drop their cargo, and streak away, with a chance to outrun the RAF night-fighters. They seem to be mostly ME-410's.

In these hit-and-run forays the Nazis make little, if any, effort to aim at special targets. They do little damage of a military nature. But they usually hit something, often an apartment or a tenement house. And they nearly always leave destruction and death in their wake.

Londoners speak of this type of air raid as a "Goebbels." The Reich's propaganda minister, it is assumed, insists that for the record he has to tell the blitzed Germans that the British are being hit too. So Goering sends a few planes over Britain for the propaganda effect inside Germany.

Though these 1943 raids are a far cry from the historic attacks of 1940 and 1941, they make an exciting show for newcomers. Searchlights criss-crossing over the sky, the bursting flak, the destruction of some of the raiders — against London's incredible blackout these are a thrilling sight. But it's a pretty grim performance for people who have been through years of it.

An air raid is usually a tragedy for somebody. Some building comes out of it rubble. More often than not it is a humble home. Pathetic crushed bodies are dug out of the wreckage. During my stay in London people were talking about Edith Durant. A bomb got her little house. Her husband, her nine-months-old baby, her parents, her brother, and her husband's sister were killed instantly. Of all the household Edith alone survived. It took the heavy rescue squads thirteen and a half hours to dig her out. All night long this brave young woman, her legs crushed, her face heaped with plaster and dust, kept up her spirits. She called words of encouragement to her rescuers: "I'm all right. . . . Don't you worry about me. . . . I've been through it before. . . . I'll make you a good cup of tea when I get out of here." Edith Durant symbolized the unblitzable spirit of London's little people.

Every night there are Londoners sleeping in the underground stations. Some of them suffer from "Blitz nerves," others prefer to sleep there because they will not be disturbed by sirens, flak, or bombs. And even though they tell you today's small raids are a welcome change from the fire and horror of the Blitz, they all know they are living close to the war front. It is only eighty-five miles from the Nazi-held French coast to London. In a matter of minutes a fighter-bomber can cover this distance.

The proximity of constant danger, the depressing effects of the blackout, and the crowded conditions of a wartime capital—old London lives through it all for just one moment. That is the moment of Prime Minister Churchill's first post-war order, "Lights on!"

If you go to London you may not be too much shocked at first by the changes, physical and otherwise, that you will find. You will not find a city in ruins. You can walk from Piccadilly to Oxford Circus without seeing a building that shows marks of the Blitz. Or from Trafalgar Square down Whitehall to the Houses of Parliament and hardly come across a reminder that the Luftwaffe has been over London. In Trafalgar Square itself there are not many signs of Goering's aerial frightfulness. True, one of the fine old lions at the base of Nelson's monument had a right foreleg blown off. But St. Martins-in-the-Fields, overlooking Trafalgar, stands serenely, with only minor damage to its basement.

If you want to see factual evidence of what the Blitz has done to British cultural shrines, no better medium could be used than "The Bombed Buildings of Britain."* Graphic pictures and text make this an outstanding pictorial record of what Britain endured during the days of the Luftwaffe's power. Some of these wrecked structures can be restored; others are gone forever. And still others will carry their marks of Nazi fury and destruction for all time. In coming years another generation, contemplating these pictures, may well ask: "How did the British ever live through such concentrated devastation?"

THE newly arrived visitor to England may conclude that the country has not suffered much from the air raids. This is especially true if he came expecting to find London half destroyed. As his ancient taxi threads its way through left-drive traffic, he may see only an occasional wrecked building. He probably does not realize that some of the empty structures he sees are little better than the ruins that appall him. They are nothing bet-

**THE BOMBED BUILDINGS OF BRITAIN. Edited by J. M. Richards. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 140 pp. $4.50.*

—From "The Bombed Buildings of Britain."

Book browsing after a blitz. Londoners make their usual rounds of the library at Holland House.

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ter than shells; no one can live or work in them. They remain standing because, with a war to win, the British have no time to pull them down. And the visitor may not perceive at first glance that some of the open spaces he passes were the sites of buildings smashed by the Luftwaffe.

But drive out to St. Paul's and stark havoc confronts you. The cathedral has been hit by two bombs. Fortunately neither did major damage. But it is not just the scars in the cathedral which betray the fury of the bombings. It is the area behind St. Paul's. There is only a void. Not a shell of a building, not a charred wall, stands. The bombs and the fires that followed wiped out block after block of this historic old neighborhood. It is one striking example of the widespread damage the Nazis have inflicted on London. No, the British capital did not get off easily.

Nor did other British towns. Dover, Plymouth, Hull, Canterbury, Liverpool, Coventry, Belfast—the roll of martyr cities is long. Each bears terrible reminders of the destruction Hitler could wreak on his victims when the Luftwaffe was strong and its opponents were just coming into their strength. Some of these places were struck to break Britain's military economy. Others were bombed to crack civilian morale. Still others were the target of the "Baedeker raids." The Heinkels and Focke-Wulfs blasted old towns which appealed primarily to tourists. Canterbury was one of these. It was pure Hunnishness to wreck their cathedrals and their other cultural shrines.

But London was always the main target of the Luftwaffe. It was the political, economic, and military capital of the Empire. It housed millions of people. If Hitler could break their morale and make them cry for peace his battle would be all but won. He knew it and the British Government knew it. When the Luftwaffe swooped in against London in 1940 its objective was not just the buildings of the city as such. The real target was the populace. The Nazis believed that they could break these people. The cockneys would never be able to take the air war. Or so the Nazi leadership reasoned.

The brunt of the Luftwaffe's attack fell on the poor sections of the city. Mayfair was hit, but nothing like Bermondsey, Shoreditch, and the London docks. The latter were repeatedly and mercilessly blasted. The R.A.F. struck back with devastating effect against Hitler's air fleet. But it was the cockney standing his ground, the ordinary citizen doing fire-guard duty on the roof top, the fireman, the police, the soldiers tending the Ack-Acks who fought off the worst the Nazis could send against them. The Edith Durants were the real heroes of that savage warfare.

"Eyty-eyte dyes ot it," Ex-Mayor Kidd of Bermondsey told me, shaking his head. "No water to drink, no gas to cook by, no electricity to see by, the streets full of rubble, that's wat Bermondsey was like during the Blitz." It was a fight to the finish between the Luftwaffe and London's little people. It was one of the world's decisive battles and London's little people won it.

ONE ironical memento of the Blitz is the extraordinary number of bombed churches. Some of Wren's finest works were gutted by high explosives and fire. St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe is typical. It was one of the later Wren churches, dating from 1692. Today only its charred walls remain. St. Bride's, Fleet Street; St. Andrew's, Holborn; St. Swithin's, Cannon Street; St. Stephen's, Walbrook—these Wren churches suffered a similar fate. The list of wrecked churches in England is long. As I walked about London I was increasingly amazed by the large number of churches hit in the Blitz. Not infrequently the buildings in the immediate vicinity still stood, perhaps only slightly damaged.

Did the Luftwaffe have a diabolical plan to destroy London's churches? I asked this question of army officers, ARP officials, the Mayor and ex-Mayor of Bermondsey, policemen and the man in the street. Nobody seemed to think it was by design. It just seemed to happen that way. Not because the Nazis would not gladly do it. But in the words of the bobby alongside St. Paul's: "Fritz just isn't that good with 'is bombs. If 'e 'ad a been, then we wouldn't 'ave a rylewye stytion or a factory left in London." At Canterbury, of course, it was a different story. There the treasured monuments of England's past were targets of sheer vandalism.

And what of the future of wartime London? Many informed people think that the city may have to endure another Blitz before the war is over. They fear that the Nazis may yet try some furious blow against the British capital. You hear suggestions that Hitler may send his remaining bomber reserve against London in a last desperate gamble. That will mean more ruined buildings, more demolition and death. A few think Hitler may have a super-rocket gun, gas, or a germ weapon up his sleeve. No one believes he can succeed in knocking Britain out, but some think he may wreak considerable devastation. It is pretty generally taken for granted that London will not know security as long as the Reich holds out.

Big Ben symbolizes the city's attitude toward Hitler and his instruments of frightfulness. Every quarter hour its chimes voice the confidence that Londoners feel in the longer outlook. London carries on.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FIRST LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Here are the first lines of twenty well-known poems. Can you identify each poem and name the poet who wrote it? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 39.

1. A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
2. Comrades, leave me here a while, while as yet 'tis early morn.
3. Drink to me only with thine eyes. . . .
4. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. . . .
5. Go and catch a falling star. . . .
6. Grow old along with me!
7. Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
8. Hence, loathed Melancholy!
9. It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.
10. Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.
11. My hair is gray, but not with years. . . .
12. The blessed damozel leaned out. . . .
13. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. . . .
14. The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year. . . .
15. The sea is calm tonight. . . .
16. The skies they were ashen and sober. . . .
17. The stag at eve had drunk his fill . . .
18. 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock. . . .
19. We caught the tread of dancing feet. . . .
20. With rue my heart is laden. . . .

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IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST

THIS is the first time we have written an editorial of this nature; we hope it will be the last.

Three weeks ago, *The Saturday Review* published a review of the "Thesaurus of the Arts," by Albert E. Wier, consisting of 8,500 individual listings and described by the publishers as "an inexhaustible source of condensed information on important personalities, terms, and subjects connected with music, drama, romantic literature, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, mythology, ballet, radio, television, and motion picture: it is a volume which can be read continuously with genuine pleasure . . . It includes all subjects likely to be encountered in reading, conversation, or listening to the radio. It is at once an ideal source of information for the artist, the editor, or average reader."

Our reviewer, Paul Henry Lang, of Columbia University, reported his conviction that the book, literarily and literally, was a comprehensive failure. In its inclusions and exclusions, its proportions and disproportions, its range both of subject matter and of error—in all these respects, Mr. Lang found the "Thesaurus" to be a "dictionary of musical atrocities, architectural boners, literary omissions, sculptural and pictorial platitudes, and detailed biographical data on the denizens of Hollywood." He proceeded to list a series of remarkable mis-statements, mis-interpretations, and misplaced emphases. Having examined the book ourselves, we believe that Mr. Lang's review, under the circumstances, was a model of fine restraint. We discovered, for example, that—

Albert E. Wier, the author, in his own listing as violinist, composer, editor, and author, receives as much space as Whitman and Whittier combined, Tolstoy and Hemingway combined, Stravinsky and Shostakovich combined, and twice as much as the Seven Wonders of the World. This gives some indication of other disproportions.

Clara Bow receives more space than Thomas Jefferson; Mickey Rooney more than Dostoievsky; Frank Morgan more than John Milton; Bela Lugosi more than Heine; Zazu Pitts more than Plato. But Plato is lucky: Aristotle doesn't get in at all. Neither do Thomas Paine, Paul Valéry, Sydney Smith, John Dickinson, Hume, Spinoza, de Tocqueville, Adam Smith, and dozens of other important figures. (Although the flap-jacket listing of "romantic literature" would give Mr. Wier an "out" on some of these names, the front jacket and his own prefatory note, as well as the advertising, use the term "literature" in the same all-embracing sense as the other arts; moreover, the omissions become conspicuous not by themselves but in relation to other names in the non-romantic literary field.) Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungs" receives 140 lines, while "War and Peace" gets only a bare mention of the title, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony escapes without so much as a single word.

But enough of that. The purpose of this editorial is not to re-review Mr. Wier's book, although we are naturally anxious to emphasize Mr. Lang's warning against it. As Mr. Lang pointed out, schools and libraries are going to put the book on their shelves, many of them on the basis of the publisher's claims, thus giving it academic sanction, circulation, and some measure of permanence. Our main purpose here is to take issue with the publishers—not necessarily for issuing the book, for there is no law against publishing poor books—but for the way the book is being publicized in the very substantial advertising and promotion.

Not to put too fine a point on it, this book is no "treasury of exact information," as the publishers claim, and to persist in that description is to hoodwink the public. Moreover, to refer to the book as the "first and only complete reference work ever published on all the great fields of the arts" is as unjustified a statement as it is absurd. Or consider this gem of modest description in a large announcement: "Nowhere else is so much compact, reliable information on the people and things associated with the arts to be had in such convenient form. *Every article has been checked and rechecked for accuracy.*" (Italics ours.) The book is being touted, moreover, as something to be "read continuously with genuine pleasure." That particular claim, of course, is a matter of opinion, unlike some of the others, and the publishers are certainly within their rights in saying so if they feel that way, although to someone who has had to dig through page after page of flat, lifeless reference listings, such a statement sounds like the blurb to end all blurbs.

There is a distinction here we are anxious to make between a general book and a work of reference. No one can quarrel with a publisher for his use of superlatives in connection with the merchandising of a general book—that is both natural and expected. But a reference book is something else. While the literary merit of a novel may be a matter of debate, the errors and omissions and disproportions in a book of reference are a matter of fact. Correct and fair labeling here should be as much in the public interest as with any product being offered for general sale. Nor can it be said that the claims for the "Thesaurus" were made before the evidence was raised against the book. In the last issue of the Sunday book section of *The New York Times,* for example, the book was still advertised with the "exact information" line. Are we to deduce from all this that the "Thesaurus" is being rammed through for a maximum Christmas gift-book sale, come hell or high water?

The issue here is much larger than the single book involved. The publisher has a unique position in the community-at-large. He enjoys a prestige and a respect among the general public perhaps unequaled in the commercial field—precisely because publishing is regarded less of a business than it is a profession. The individual publisher must lean over backwards to live up to the responsibilities of that profession in justifying the confidence of the public. When any one publisher abuses, or even appears to abuse, that faith, the entire publishing industry suffers. For it is not unusual to find people who will buy books on the strength of a publisher's name; bookstores, libraries, and universities, too, are guided in no small measure by the label. And over and above the selection of books by a publisher is the obligation of fair and reasonable presentation and packaging—especially where books of information or reference are involved.

If we seem overly concerned about this book, it is largely because we believe it to be potentially more harmful to publishing in general than it may be to the reader in particular.

W. R. B. N. C.
H. S. C. A. L.
B. C. H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Exhibitionism?

SIR: I believe it is time the reader of possibly slightly-better-than-average intelligence got up on his hind legs and loosed a blast of protest at scholarly exhibitionism in history books. Take, for example, the introduction to "Select Documents of European History, 800-1492" (Henry Holt, New York, date unknown) in which the editor says, the documents ". . . are presented in English translation, because I am informed that this is a regrettable necessity in these days."

Now, I am not a professional historian, and I don't read Latin, Greek, German, French, or early English, but I do take a healthy interest in history and I bile plenty when I read cracks like that by supercilious scholars. What's he want to do—deny me the Bible, "Don Quixote," and the "Human Comedy"?

That example may be from a field of specialized historical research in which an average man has no business, but take this from the fine but scholarly "The Rise of American Naval Power," by H. and M. Sprout (Princeton University Press, 1939), which is certainly a general historical work. The first footnote reads, C. O. Paullin, "The Navy of the American Revolution" (1906), p. 156-8, 163. This is the standard work on the navy and naval policy of Revolutionary America. Do they give the place of publication or the publisher's name? Hell, no! Scholars will know who published it and where, but the average reader like me is stopped right there. Some of the scholarly books stretch a point and give the date and place of publication, but they wouldn't dream of giving the publisher.

And another thing: when are authors and editors going to simplify the fuddy-duddy critical apparatus they hook on the bottom of pages in the form of footnotes. All the *ibids, passims, op cits, loc cits,* and so on would be more intelligible and easier to follow if they were given in unscholarly English as *same* or *same book, here and there,* and so on. As a matter of fact, in only one place out of twenty is it really necessary to use these befuddling abbreviations at all.

And another thing: Scholars delve, or are supposed to delve, back into original sources, and to prove it they always quote the title of a work in the original. They seldom dream of telling you there's a translation available or by what name it goes. Translations are for ignorant people, not scholars.

I've blown off some steam and feel better. I only wish it would do some good. The scholars have certainly done their best to keep me ignorant. Are there any scholars willing to tell me why their exhibitionism scholarship is mandatory, and why they should try and make it as difficult as possible for me to learn anything?

RICHARD GORDON MCCLOSKEY.
Harrisburg, Pa.

"Nothing to worry about. Just seasick."

Mr. Van Loon & Mr. Lang

LADY AND GENTLEMEN: In your last issue, one Paul Henry Lang discusses a book, ["Thesaurus of the Arts"] not written by me but he uses my name to be very funny and a bit patronizing and rather hoity-toity—all in the best possible manner of the Balkans but not perhaps quite up to the standards that usually prevail among civilized human beings. However, he is your guest and if the hosts allow one of those assembled at their hospitable literary board to throw spitballs at another member of the party, the world is more apt to blame the hosts than the guests and so, no hard feelings except for one item which you seem to have overlooked.

I have never written a word which has not been published under my own real name. I have a right to ask that my critics do likewise. In this I am backed up (if I am not entirely mistaken) by the courts of the State of New York, which have always held that an artist has the right to know the names of those who undertake to criticize him. Therefore, I shall ask you to publish the real name of Paul Henry Lang.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.
Old Greenwich, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Paul Henry Lang is Paul Henry Lang, the author of "Music in Western Civilization"* (2 vols. *Norton,* 1942). *Since* 1934, *he has been Professor of Musicology, Columbia University, in charge of graduate studies.*

The Incurable Controversy

SIR: It is indeed comforting that the "Incurable Controversy" is still alive. However, in my humble judgment, Lord Vansittart's book, "Lessons of My Life," is the whole and complete answer on the subject. Taking Germany's past and present conduct completely out of the realm of medicine and viewing the matter on the basis of strict realities predicated on the records of Germany's acts and spoken words, it certainly should even convince our isolationist Galahads.

Granted that the book is not technically perfect, nevertheless it is so full of convincing factual material it should have the widest circulation.

We pride ourselves on a sense of humor which the Teutons completely lack. I was delighted to read in Lord Vansittart's book, reference to the former Kaiser's mustache. After many years of arduous cultivation, he had twirled it to the proper angle. Result: "Es ist ereicht!" In order to look his most dashing, he applied a Mustache Net nightly so that when he arose in the morning it appeared in its pristine glory. The result was that millions of idolatrous Germans emulated the Kaiser and that beautiful hirsute decoration. Isn't that something? Millions of supermen sleeping in "Mustache Nets!"

It is my earnest hope that the book may have the wide circulation it deserves before actual peace terms are under consideration so that the public may be properly forewarned of the organized sympathy which is bound to emanate from both within Germany and even from Allied countries. The book is a true presentation of the actual composition of the genus Furor Teutonicus. CLARENCE H. LOW.
New York, N. Y.

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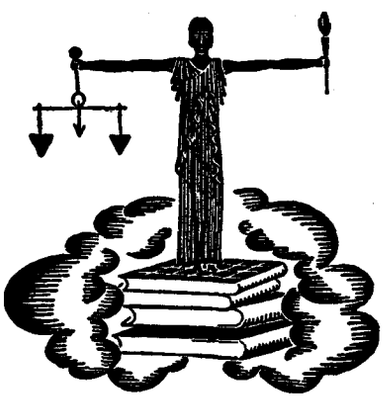
TRADE Winds

THIRTY YEARS AGO the United States was stirred by a sensational murder case in Atlanta, Georgia. The victim was a young girl named Mary Feagan; the accused man was Leo Frank, secretary of the pencil company where she had been employed. The evidence was purely circumstantial, and flimsy at best. But Frank was a Jew, and he came from Brooklyn. Racial and sectional prejudices were rampant. Frank was sentenced to death; the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment by Governor John M. Slaton on his last day in office—June 30, 1915. An infuriated mob thereupon broke into the prison farm at Milledgeville, dragged Frank to an oak grove near Marietta, where the murdered girl had lived, and hanged him. "Justice" had triumphed.

Now, in December, 1943, the University of North Carolina Press has published a book by Arthur Gray Powell, former Judge of the Georgia Court of Appeals, and former Vice-President of the American Bar Association, called "I Can Go Home Again," in which the seventy-year-old jurist claims to have conclusive proof that Frank was innocent. Powell says, "I know who killed Mary Feagan, but I know it in such a way that I can never honorably make the information public as long as certain persons are still living." He continues that just before the trial judge, the late L. S. Roan, charged the jury, he declared to Powell, "This man's innocence is proved to mathematical certainty." Governor Slaton, also convinced of Frank's innocence, told friends that he would have given Frank a full pardon if he had not believed that the case was going to be broken wide open in short order, and the real murderer revealed. "But for the outside interference of various writers, speakers, and civil rights societies," adds Powell, "Frank would probably have been acquitted."



All of these facts make for an enthralling chapter in Arthur Powell's memoirs, if they do not erase the ugly memory of the body of an innocent man dangling from a tree, with a frenzied lynch mob howling below him. The shocking facts of the case were used at least once before in book form. Ward Greene, now one of the top men in the King Features Syndicate, fashioned them into a memorable novel in 1936, called "Death in the Deep South." Georgia didn't like it. It liked even less the picture, "They Won't Forget," that was based on the book....

STIRRING UP of the Frank lynching inevitably calls to mind that other classic miscarriage of justice—the Sacco-Vanzetti case—an indelible blot on the integrity of the law in the State of Massachusetts. On April 15, 1920, a shoe company's pay-roll was stolen, and the paymaster and his guard shot to death by the assailants. Nicola Sacco, a shoemaker, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a fish-peddler, were charged with the crime. As in the Frank case, the state's evidence was sketchy and inconclusive; it rapidly became apparent that the defendants were on trial for their lives because of their past records: they had been draft dodgers, anarchists, labor agitators. The trial was a travesty, but an advisory committee of three eminent citizens, acting on the grounds that judicial procedure had been strictly observed, upheld the death sentences, and Sacco and Vanzetti were electrocuted on August 22, 1927.

I have often been told that, like Leo Frank, these condemned men would have had a better chance for exoneration if "a pack of wild-eyed liberals from New York hadn't shot their mouths off about the case and told Massachusetts how to run its affairs." A prominent Boston merchant said it in so many words on the porch of his comfortable summer home in Beverley and seemed unimpressed when I commented that that was a hell of a reason for putting innocent men to death. Several years later, when I spent a few hours at the Black Sea port of Novorossisk, I noted that the waterfront street was named after Sacco and Vanzetti. The names of these two obscure men had swept around the world!

The Sacco-Vanzetti case produced stirring literature, too. Heywood Broun's pieces on the trial made him famous. Maxwell Anderson wrote two plays on the subject: "Gods of the

Lightning" and "Winterset." Edna Millay dedicated two sonnets to the men's memory; Upton Sinclair wrote a novel about them ("Boston"). What is remembered best about the case, however, is the last speech to the court of Bartolomeo Vanzetti himself, so moving and so eloquent that it brings a tear to a reader's eye to this very day. Jim Thurber and Elliott Nugent used it as the *cause celèbre* of their resounding play hit, "The Male Animal." Selden Rodman, compiling his "New Anthology of Modern Poetry" (now a Modern Library Giant), found that the speech fell naturally and easily into poetic form. It is in that form that I take the liberty of reprinting it here.

I have talk a great deal of myself
but I even forgot to name Sacco.
Sacco too is a worker,
from his boyhood a skilled worker,
lover of work,
with a good job and pay,
a bank account, a good and lovely
wife,
two beautiful children and a neat
little home
at the verge of a wood, near a brook.

Sacco is a heart, a faith, a character,
a man;
a man, lover of nature, and mankind;
a man who gave all, who sacrifice all
to the cause of liberty and to his love
for mankind:
his own wife, his children, himself
and his own life.

Sacco has never dreamt to steal, never
to assassinate.
He and I have never brought a morsel
of bread to our mouths, from our
childhood to today
which has not been gained by the
sweat of our brows.
Never . . .

Oh, yes, I may be more witful, as some
have put it;
I am a better blabbler than he is, but
many, many times
in hearing his heartful voice ringing
a faith sublime,
in considering his supreme sacrifice,
remembering his heroism,
I felt small at the presence of his
greatness
and found myself compelled to fight
back
from my eyes the tears,
and quanch my heart
trobling to my throat to not weep before him:
this man called thief and assassin and
doomed.

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Take one-half cup dried skim milk, one cup dehydrated eggs, two cups soybean meal, one teaspoonful synthetic vanilla, one-half cup homogenized oleomargerine.

But Sacco's name will live in the hearts of the people
and in their gratitude when Katzmann's bones
and yours will be dispersed by time;
when your name, his name, your laws, institutions,
and your false god are but a dim rememoring
of a cursed past in which man was wolf
to the man . . .

If it had not been for these thing
I might have live out my life
talking at street corners to scorning men.
I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure.
Now we are not a failure.
This is our career and our triumph. Never
in our full life could we hope to do such work
for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding
of man, as now we do by accident.

Our words, our lives, our pains—nothing!
The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—
all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph.

* * *

FOLLOWING are a few anecdotes from the new Woollcott book, "Long, Long Ago," published by Viking.

One day President Lincoln journeyed to the front to inspect the Union defenses; the task of piloting him fell to young Oliver Wendell Holmes. Holmes pointed out their enemy; the President stood up to look. Wearing his high plug hat, he made a magnificent target. A snarl of musketry fire came from the enemy trenches. The young officer dragged him under cover. Later Holmes remembered to his horror that he had muttered "Get down, you fool!" He was relieved, however, when Lincoln came to him before returning to the capital. "Good-bye, Colonel Holmes," he said. "I'm glad to see you know how to talk to a civilian!"...

Bernard Shaw became a vegetarian in 1881. When his friends predicted that abstinence from meat-eating would be the death of him, he retorted that at least his coffin could be followed by a procession of all the animals he had never eaten. Mrs. Pat Campbell, in the heat of a particularly exasperating rehearsal of "Pygmalion," once cried, "Shaw, some day you'll eat a pork-chop, and then God help all the women!" . . .

When Woollcott was an undergraduate at Hamilton College ("shortly after the French and Indian Wars"), he introduced to a snow-bound group in his dormitory the game of choosing for each person on the campus the one adjective which fitted him more perfectly than any other. He pointed out that, if the proper selections were made, everybody could be identified from the list of adjectives. For himself he selected "noble," "but," he adds, "this was voted down in favor of another which reduced the whole episode in my memoirs to the proportions of a disagreeable incident." . . .

When John Mulholland, one of the great prestidigitators of our time, was a youngster, he was added as an afterthought to a program at the National Arts Club, and forthwith gave a very creditable performance. When it was over, however, an old killjoy with a perverted sense of humor asked if the young magician could do the same tricks with any old pack of cards. Mulholland brazened it out, and found an unopened pack of cards, with the National Arts device on their orange backs, thrust into his hands. To the astonishment of the members, he performed some tricks with the new cards that eclipsed any he had done with his own prepared deck—more mystifying, indeed, than any he has been able to do since. It appears that when Mulholland unwrapped the deck he noticed (although he did not see fit to call it to the attention of the members) that a singular error had occurred at the factory in the assembling of that pack. It was made up of fifty-two Aces of Spades. . . .

Well, that's enough of the free show. If you like it, step up to the counter, ladees *and* gentlemen, with your two-seventy-five, and buy a copy of "Long, Long Ago." . . .

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO an order was issued to every Hearst newspaper to roast the daylights out of "The North Star." This dubious journalistic maneuver prompted Irving Hoffman to suggest that henceforth a note be affixed to every review in a Hearst paper. The copy: "The views expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect those of the critic."

BENNETT CERF.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The minute he lost his memory he really began to *live*

THE STORY of Francis Rafferty for whom a bump on the head opened the door to a new world of excitement, adventure, and romance . . . A completely captivating tale of a mild-mannered schoolteacher, betrothed to a lady of more brains than oomph, who goes for a walk alone (his fiancée wasn't looking) . . . falls into a hole in the ground, wakes up with no memory, only a "slightly unpleasant sensation" concerning his past life, and runs into six hours of lively and amusing adventures . . . including a girl named Dottie who does to his heart what the hole in the ground did to his head . . . If you go looking for holes in the ground, after reading THE DARK CONTINENT, don't say we didn't warn you!

* * *

"A gay and witty novel . . . Would be a welcome and delightful Christmas gift."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Excellent entertainment and much more . . . I don't know when I've read a book with so many characters I've liked."—*John T. Frederick.*

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W. W. Chaplin Reports on the War

SEVENTY THOUSAND MILES OF WAR. Being One Man's Odyssey on Many Fronts. By W. W. Chaplin. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1943. 287 pp. $3.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

W. W. CHAPLIN, late of Hearst's International News Service and presently of the National Broadcasting Company, is a newspaperman of the old school, a gatherer and transmitter of facts where these facts seems to warrant the particular attention of more or less large headlines. In this capacity he has traveled some 70,000 miles through our war-torn world. His journey spans the globe and most of its important countries, each of which he visited at a time of special crisis. He says he is "interested in causes," in "trying to give you the background behind the things you've read about." If he had not prefaced his book with this statement, it might have been easier to look on it with favor. As it is, one can only take Mr. Chaplin by his word and say that he has shot very wide of his mark.

What causes is he interested in? I doubt if the reader can find out from this book. There are facts here, aplenty, and a careful diary of events that made headlines. But of causes, of background, of understanding, there is next to nothing. Mr. Chaplin beyond doubt operated faithfully and well on the time-honored principle that news is when a man bites a dog, and he apparently did not give over-much thought to finding out the reason for any such unusual assault.

Take France, for instance. Mr. Chaplin went to France just after the war began, as an accredited war correspondent to watch the Allies beat the Germans before Christmas, 1939. He found, instead of battles, a phony war. He sat around in dingy, miserable, wet French towns. He made desultory trips to see the Maginot Line and a few other things. He took leaves in Paris where he spent many happy hours sitting in a garret inhabited by Ray Brock, now correspondent of *The New York Times* in Turkey, then penniless but interesting because his garret was a gathering place for newspaper colleagues who had no war to cover and hence lots of time to spend in discussing the world's problems. Mr. Chaplin watched France in her last hours as a free nation, in her last hours as a center of the world's culture and the world's pleasure. But of the terrible process of decay which he was watching and which surely must have been worthy of a newspaperman's attention he appears to have been totally unaware.

Take another cause—fascism. Mr. Chaplin had been in Rome, back in the days when fascism was a respected doctrine and one to be appeased. He was in Rome when Mussolini started out to gather himself an empire. He watched the first step of this aggressive march to conquest, the campaign in Ethiopia. He was with the Italian

U. S. soldiers stand guard to the ancient Temple of Neptune in Paestum, Italy.

armies when they beat down the Abyssinians while the world turned its back. He wrote of this in another book, "Blood and Ink." It is perhaps unfair to hark back to that book today, but it is justified. Mr. Chaplin saw nothing wrong at that time with the Fascists (he thought the Italian colonizers who were to "stamp out racketeering in Abyssinia perhaps . . . could be induced . . . to pay a visit to America.")

Now he was in New York, and it was 1940, and Italy had just joined World War II. What does he say? "There was another sort of nonsense early in that summer that did upset me badly. That was the ill-advised entry of Italy into the war by stabbing falling France in the back."

In justice to Mr. Chaplin it must be said that he states immediately that he "disapproved thoroughly of the Italian government (and) of the Ethiopian invasion." Likewise, in justice, it must be said that this smacks of hindsight. And surely "ill-advised" is an ill-chosen term for one of the blackest acts of conscienceless opportunism that modern history knows!

Mr. Chaplin should not be accused of fascist tendencies. It is perfectly clear from this and his previous book that he is an American and democratic as they come. He just does not seem to look below the surface of headline events. If he had, he would not have been upset by Italy's stab in the back. He would have known long since that it was coming. It was perfectly clear in 1939 that Italy would wait out her chances, and it was inevitable after the Germans broke through at Sedan.

In pursuit of news Mr. Chaplin was also sent to India, in the summer of 1942. There was trouble aplenty brewing in India at that time. Unfortunately, Mr. Chaplin just missed the Cripps negotiations, so when he got there things were, in a surface way, kind of dull. So he went down to Assam, where refugees were coming in from Burma, in search of more exciting things.

Now there can certainly be no criticism of going down to get the important news of the evacuation in Burma at a time when there were no riots popping in India. But Mr. Chaplin appears in his book to have decided that there were not only no riots but little else worthy of note. His study of India's terrible problem is sketchy in the extreme. He did the routine things—had lunch with the Viceroy, interviewed Ghandi, Nehru, and Jinnah, all of which is duly recorded here. But of causes he found out next to nothing. When the riots came he covered them, and covered them well, at the risk of life and limb. But as to why they came, he apparently formed no definite opinion. When they were over, he went on to Russia; the Indian Chapter was closed.

The report on Russia is certainly one of the most interesting parts of the book. Mr. Chaplin was impressed by the Russians and what they did, and he was also aware of a common tendency in America to regard them as cold-blooded supermen. He went out of his way to correct that impression by garnering human interest stories. He made several trips to the front, where he interviewed Russian soldiers. In particular, he was interested in the work of Russian guerillas and what kind of people they are. Of these heroes he has some notable and highly interesting tales.

His whole book, in fact, makes interesting reading. It is like a travelogue of an honest, hard-working American who saw his job defined by old and well-tried rules of journalism which he observed meticulously and well. It is hard to believe that Mr. Chaplin really tried to go beyond these limits and write a book about causes. If you can forget his preface you will not be cheated by this record of war.

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Autobiography Plus

THOSE WERE THE DAYS. By Edward R. Hewitt. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 318 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE GENZMER

GRANDSON of Peter Cooper, son of Abram S. Hewitt, brother of Peter Cooper Hewitt, friend and associate of innumerable men of name, the author of "Those Were the Days" knows distinction when he meets it, but with a gentlemanly reserve befitting the occupant of the last private house on the North side of Gramercy Square, he disclaims any share of it himself and declines to call his book an autobiography. "I do not regard my own life and contributions to society as of any particular value. While I have taken out many patents, none of them has proved of fundamental importance, although some have received quite extended use. My scientific work has been of a minor character, and my success in business was not large."

Yet Mr. Hewitt has deserved unusually well of his country and generation. Glue is stickier because he has lived and wrought. The engine under the hood of a Mack truck is a child of his brain. These are two items from a list respectably long; Mr. Hewitt himself observes that "My writings on the art of salmon fishing and trout fishing may well prove to be my most lasting contributions to human welfare." There one overhears the voice not merely of an enthusiastic and expert dry-fly fisherman but of a wise man. The written word—well written—remains, and men will angle for trout and salmon long after the internal-combustion engine has passed.

To that list of achievements must be added, on this occasion, the gift of style. All his life he has been a master of the art of conversation; and when he writes, good talk is transferred to paper miraculously unspoiled. "Those Were the Days" is an after-dinner conversation—leisurely, vivacious, interested, witty, urbane, mellow—extending without ennui to more than three hundred pages, and although it does not profess to be autobiography it becomes, in the end, a beautiful and rather moving self-portrait. What the reader is likely to remember longest is not the amazing series of good anecdotes that Mr. Hewitt tells with endless enjoyment, good as they are, but a serene, golden Horatian quality that pervades every chapter. One might not think of an American inventor and business man as a perfect embodiment of that ideal of civilized thought and feeling that men have cherished for two milleniums. But here it is, and it makes a gracious, witty, companionable book.

There's a Christmas rush on telephone wires, too

Help keep war-crowded circuits clear on December 24, 25 and 26.

Please use Long Distance only if it is vital.

War needs the wires—even on holidays.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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The Hard Way Home

(December 7, 1943)

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"They are homeward bound the long, hard way, westward around the world."—GEORGE F. HORNE, Honolulu despatch, *New York Times.*

THIS was the outpost where the first blow fell
that Sunday morning when the skies rained hell.
Defend our liberties, a people prayed,
that we show forth Thy praise, and fashion us
into a single and united folk
whose multitudes are gathered of many kindreds,
and many tongues and lands. . . !

That lazy Sunday
in from the Southeast, over Diamond Head,
past the famed beach, and straight for Hickam Field. . . .
Black anti-aircraft smoke-balls; silvery splashes
from patterned bombs; the plunge of red-disked wings,
and winking jewelled eyes that were the guns. . . .
The great fleet stronghold a smudge of smoke and flame;
battleship-row incessant abrupt concussion;
hangars flaring, dive-bombers blasting wrecks . . .
laying their powder-train to Guam and Wake
and Midway and Bataan, and our last stand
upon the rock that was Corregidor. . . .

Two years. And once again Waikiki's palms;
clanging and racket at the naval base;
lounges and streets and restaurants and bars
thronging with many men from very far—
one from some mountain crossroads in Vermont
who used to heft a hundred pounds of hay
a forkful, in the field; from Pennsylvania
one who knows horses, all their spavins, botts,
and sprains and hives; one from a delta region
with rich black cotton soil, in Arkansas;
and one who's followed grass throughout the west,
cattle and sheep; one from New York who knew,
last war, the road beneath a thunderous cloud
that led through mud and blood to Saint-Mihiel
where once a General Pétain—how changed—
was welcomed by the freed!—and one is here
whose mind recalls twelve million unemployed
eight years ago, of which he then was one
and knew how the emergency was met
restoring him to life and hope—and one
from Alabama, from a cabin home
and mortgaged crops, but with a heart that knows
what for a New Year eighty years ago
was written: *"I do order and declare*
that all the persons held as slaves within
said designated states and parts of states
are, and henceforth shall be, free—"
and one
whose blood-stream seethes with treasure-cities built
in ancient Egypt brickyards by hard bondage
whence the Lord saved, but whose immediate mind
burns on mad massacre by this new despoiler
against whose fury strives a world in arms!
One from the fisheries of Puget Sound,
from Texas plains, from Great Salt Lake, the gaudy
desert of Arizona,—Tennessee,
Spokane or Bangor—all in Honolulu,
junction of armies.

Where then are they going?
"The long, hard way westward around the world,"
leaving Hawaiian skies for the Pacific
again, for all those islands, for New Guinea,
the Netherlands Indies or the Philippines,
Tarawa of the victorious Marines
in epic combat—O for all way-stations
that end with Tokyo!—their places taken
by others, and yet others, an endless stream
of men. The convoys pass, and high above
rumble the giant planes; the tidal wave
of manpower surges west; in every heart
one prayer, *"This job's to do; let's get it done*
once and for all; then—home!"

They know their chiefs
in Egypt and in Persia have declared
birth of a newer world—perhaps a better,
or why are fighters laying down their lives—
(At last perhaps the world *is* coming home!)
and so strike up a marching song and say

Westward around the world
  The wheel of night and day
Rolls; we are homeward bound
  The longest way,

Whom gazers on the stars
  How long advised in vain,
Till unremitting wars
  Struck down our slain;

Yet, steady eye and breath,
  We travellers with the sun
Go to meet wounds and death
  Ere we have done,

To find in some strange land,
  Though darkness howl derision,
Desperate and hand-to-hand
  One moment's vision

Of Man who can be free,
  Achieving all he planned—
And wrest the victory
  From his own hand

Where also Man's dark heart
  Plans solely to destroy,
Striking whole folk apart
  From life and joy.

Ask of the sands of the shore
  Or of the fleeing foam
Why we must take once more
  The long road home!

In all that wars gainsay,
  Seed of the Sun is curled—
Going the long hard way
  West round the world;

And so the soldiers know—
  Green dusk or glimmering foam—
For the World's sake they go
  The hard way home!

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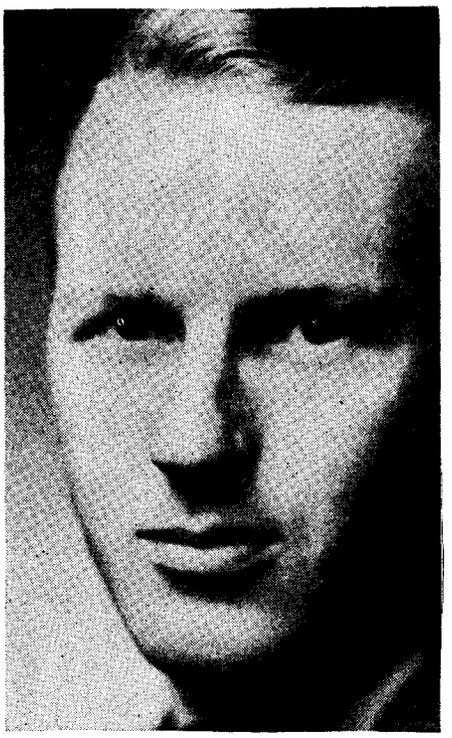
Meet Mr. Smith...



THERE are roughly 5,250,821 (more or less) Smiths in the United States—but only one on them could have written HOTEL ON THE LAKE. For this Mr. Smith has been at various times a printer's devil, a pin boy, a soda jerker, a delivery boy, a grocery clerk, a freight handler, a garbage man, a dishwasher, a night watchman, a logger, a bus boy, a porter and a hotel clerk. Above all, a hotel clerk—for no one who has not worked behind the desk on the night shift of a big summer resort hotel could possibly have come to know as many different types and have looked inside of them so clearly, as Robert Smith does in the pages of this novel.

For these people are more than just characters in a book; they are even more than just people you might meet, casually, during one summer. There's a universal quality about them. Listening to them is eavesdropping, not reading.

That goes for the Maine guides (who try, mostly successfully, to live up to their role of being "characters"); their clients, some of whom are more adept with the Haig & Haig than with the Royal Coachman; the "big shot" publisher who has a special telegraph wire strung up to the hotel during his stay; the sportsman (there's always at least one) whose favorite game is of the human variety, generally feminine; and all the rest of the inhabitants of The Crampton House, from the kitchen to the chauffeurs' quarters in the attic.

And especially it is true of Jerry, the bellhop, and his girl-friend Isabelle. To see Jerry with his fingers curved lovingly around a baseball, ready to shoot it high inside past the batter's knuckles, you'd take him for just another big, good-natured hick from Down East. But he isn't. There's something deep-down and fine about Jerry; something, for instance, that makes him hate injustice to little guys. . . .

This Robert Smith is a writin' fool who is going places.

HOTEL ON THE LAKE

A Novel by ROBERT SMITH

Just Published, $2.50 • FARRAR & RINEHART, NEW YORK

She was "the most ignorant army bride," but she learned *—oh, definitely she learned!*

the Colonel's Lady

By HELEN MONTGOMERY

AND you'll learn too, from these delightful pages, what an army wife has to take! Helen Montgomery careened into the service as an appendage to her husband's career. Today, finding herself unexpectedly a colonel's wife, she tells the weird and funny things that happened to her in the days when lieutenants' wives were expendable, majors' wives unpredictable, and generals' wives something that could be heard and not seen.. $2.50

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Through the Thick of It

ANGER IN THE SKY. By Susan Ertz. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 338 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH DREW

THIS novel is a description of England during the worst period of the war—the period when "blood, bombs and blackouts" dominated the lives of everyone, and England stood alone as an active combatant in the struggle against the Axis.

It is the story of Mrs. Anstruther, the owner of a beautiful old house in the country, which she has turned into a home for thirty children and various homeless adults; of her two daughters, Viola and Stacy, and her son Lennox; of the various peoples whose lives touch those of the family, and particularly of a young American of isolationist views, who visits them, and who is later converted to "interventionism."

Mrs. A., as she is always called, has much in common with Mrs. Miniver. It is she who provides the philosophical background to the story, the frame of ideas in which the war is viewed. It is the philosophy of acceptance. The war arose from the simple law of cause and effect: "When will we learn that evil comes home to roost for the simple reason that one thing leads to another?" It's horror must be faced: "Call it sacrifice or call it privilege to give your life for your country, look at it as you will, the end is the same. The end is the tragic and premature return to clay of those who have not yet lived." But it is useless to blame our leaders, the whole thing is caused by "the genius and temper of the times." We have made our mistakes and we must pay for them, the innocent with the guilty, with the hope that we shall do better when it is over. The philosophy, in fact, is over-simplified, and the propaganda for English and American understanding, though very genuine in feeling, is too superficial and easy to be convincing.

But a novel stands up by virtue of its story and its characters, not by its ideas, and here Miss Ertz is admirable. The group of ill-assorted people at Meddenhall is seen with a keen eye and presented with great vividness and economy: the family, who come and go, the various school teachers, the domestic staff, and the visitors—particularly Mme. Vibourg, the French refugee, bitterly critical of everything English and always on the outlook for insults, whether in the form of remarks about France, or in the conviction that another guest has been given more chestnut stuffing with her turkey than herself.

Susan Ertz

The most moving episode in the book is the visit of Stacy, the young daughter of seventeen, (a beautifully drawn character), to the east end of London. A very unpleasant young Communist schoolmaster persuades her to come and see what life is really like in a poor quarter. She goes to the home of Mrs. Patterson, a pathetically courageous creature carrying on life and bringing up a family in a typical slum dwelling:

> "What I'd like to have is a better house and a place to hang out the clothes. Makes the room so damp like, drying them in here, and there's no room really, what with the children and Gran. And water laid on, I'd like that too; it's a business carrying it in from the alley, in the winter especially. . . . "

There are realistic descriptions of air raids and the behavior of various types of people in them, but the main theme of the story is the relationship between Viola Anstruther and Elliot Tully, the young American.

It is a book full of encouragement and goodwill and good feeling, and full, too, of acute observation and understanding of common human emotions. If it seems a little unduly hopeful about the good effects which will result from the war, that is perhaps because the author has seen much at close quarters of what human nature can rise to in times of crisis.

Some Generations in New England

DUNNYBROOK. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 389 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

ALL who fell under the spell of this author's "As The Earth Turns" will rejoice that she has now traced to its beginnings the history of the sturdy Maine community of that novel and followed the story of its families from its founding three hundred years ago down to the present. Here are all the generations of colorful Warrens, the Hastys and their neighbors, their struggles with the land and poverty, the homes and schools and churches they built and the children they produced and all told so that it reads like a novel. It is mainly the story of Mrs. Carroll's own family, of her neighbors and of the place of which she says "I am so much a part of it, and it a part of me, that I don't know where I leave off and it begins." To her, Dunnybrook symbolizes the best of what we mean by America—"what free men can build in a free world, though freedom be their only wealth and their own minds and hands their only tools or weapons"—and its writing must have been indeed a labor of love.

In its writing she has chosen the form adopted of late by so many so-called historians, wherein conversations and incidents necessarily imagined, are introduced without apology to point up the drama and to make their characters come more alive; a method justified perhaps when the author feels herself as completely within her characters as does Mrs. Carroll, but one that arouses at times in the mind of the old-fashioned reader of history, a certain skepticism and irritation. So my advice to you is to read "Dunnybrook" as a novel, and believe it to be true if you like when you have come to its last pages. As a novel, it is a cheering story of succeeding generations of a sturdy New England family, the like of which there are doubtless many scattered throughout this land of ours although few have been so pleasantly recorded. Certainly of the pioneer courage and staunchess of these families we cannot be reminded too often. If Mrs. Carroll tends to sentimentalize her Maine friends and ancestors, you have only to run through the publications of dozens of historical societies to realize how commonly shared is this weakness. The reader will find a real help in the end-pieces of the book, one of which provides an attractive map of Dunnybrook itself, the other the family tree of the Warrens and Hastys and of the Bostons and Brookes.

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These twelve books

published this year by Duell, Sloan and Pearce offer a varied selection from which almost anybody's Christmas list can be completed.

CITIZEN TOM PAINE $2.75
by Howard Fast

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID $2.50
by Berry Fleming

THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN $3.00
by Wallace Stegner

KITTY: *A Romantic Novel* $2.50
by Rosamond Marshall

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON $3.00
by Carleton Beals

McSORLEY'S WONDERFUL SALOON $2.50
by Joseph Mitchell

THE SHINING TRAIL $3.00
by Iola Fuller

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT $2.50
by Elswyth Thane

MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR $2.00
by Theodore Pratt

AIR NEWS YEARBOOK $3.75
Edited by Phillip Andrews

THE COMPLETE JEFFERSON $5.00
Edited by Dr. Paul K. Padover

U. S. CAMERA ANNUAL 1944 $4.50
Edited by T. J. Maloney *and Judged by* Edward Steichen

DUELL SLOAN & PEARCE

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The New Anthologies of Poetry

THE BEST POEMS OF 1942. Selected by Thomas Moult. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 112 *pp.* $2.

THE NEW TREASURY OF WAR POETRY: 1939 to 1943. Edited by George Herbert Clarke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 285 *pp.* $3.

THE STAG'S HORNBOOK. Edited by John McClure and William Rose Benét. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 513 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT is twenty-one years since a young Englishman, Thomas Moult, began his annual selection of the "best" poems of the past twelve months, and it would be pleasant to say that now the set of volumes has come of age. But the truth is that the compilation of 1943 is little different in spirit, touch, and texture from the collection made in 1922. Edward Shanks, V. Sackville West, Walter de la Mare, Edmund Blunden, Joseph Auslander, and David Morton were among the poets who appeared in the earliest volume of the series, and they are also represented in the latest. Mr. Moult's taste has remained conservative, and his collections would not have been much different had he winnowed the best from the books of poetry published each year instead of culling only from the periodicals. It would be all too easy as well as ungracious to point out the gaps in the present book, but the lacunae are not too wide or frequent, and the editor has found bridges between yesterday and tomorrow. The best of these bridges are, as one might have expected, by the younger men, by such poets as Charles Edward Eaton in "American Landscape," Nicholas Moore in "The Sunny Tree," Alex Comfort in "Quia Aequales," L. Aaronson in "I Went to Watch," and Oscar Williams in "One Morning the World Woke Up." Such poems may not cause revolutions in fact or theory, but they affirm the need voiced by the editor: "Never has humanity so poignantly needed the singer and his song."

The singer and his song barely make themselves heard in "The New Treasury of War Poetry: 1939 to 1943." No one has given a satisfactory explanation of the fact that, although we are in the fifth year of a war which circles the globe, no new poets have come out of the conflict, not even a single new poem has had the power to quicken the heart and burn in the blood. It is misleading to say, as is often said, that, since poetry is an emotion remembered in and therefore refined by tranquillity, this war's poetry can only be written when the war is over. The poetry of the First World War was chiefly written in the shock of conflict—witness the first-hand, hot-blooded transcriptions by Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Graves, Charles Hamilton Sorley, Wilfred Owen, as well as the meditative sonnets of Rupert Brooke, the grave sonority of Laurence Binyon's "For the Fallen," and the quiet nobility of John Masefield's "August, 1914." There is nothing in this collection to suggest the strength and intensity of the least of the poets of the First World War. The best poems in Mr. Clarke's collection—almost the only good ones—such as Robert Frost's "The Gift Outright," William Rose Benét's "The Great Land," Archibald MacLeish's "Discovery of This Time," May Sarton's "Santos: New Mexico"—are remotely, if at all, concerned with the war. Poets on both sides of the Atlantic may have deeply felt the impact of this struggle but, with the exception of a few poems by W. H. Auden (not represented here) and Stephen Spender, the effect of this war is seldom evoked in lines we read and remember.

"The Stag's Hornbook," compiled by John McClure in 1918, is a quarter of a century old, but it shows few signs of aging. Seldom has a general collection of verse remained so undated, so alive, so seemingly spontaneous. The sections in this convivial little book are as alluring as ever: "The Jug," "The Merry Men," "The Tempestuous Petticoat," "The Joys We Miss," "Our Lady Nicotine," and other emanations of old "bottle-companions." This is obviously a book of—and the pun is imperative—high spirits, of malty madrigals, and verses redolent of the vine. It is a catholic collection: Robert Burns is alphabetically cheek by jowl with Gelett Burgess, Geoffrey Chaucer clinks a canikin with G. K. Chesterton, and Robert Herrick rollicks more or less discreetly with Oliver Herford. To bring the collection up to the moment and make it particularly attractive to men in the fighting forces, William Rose Benét has added a section entitled "The World in Arms." But the book is more than a heady bracer, a promise of an alcoholiday; it celebrates adventure and good fellowship as well as wine, woman, and song. It always was a jolly book. It still is. And it is more insinuating and far more serviceable in this grim embattled day than it was when it served the gay and garish nineteen twenties.

Poems as Spur to Battle

WAR POEMS OF THE UNITED NATIONS. Edited by Joy Davidman. New York: The Dial Press. 1943. 391 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

IT is not to be wondered at that the poet is, of all types of writers, the one best qualified to deal with war. Most poets lead lives that involve much difficulty in adjustment to the vast mass of ignorance and of common selfishness that walks the earth and calls itself humanity. War demands of them, as of all men, much sacrifice; and the poet is the type of writer most capable of sacrificing his immediate interests for the sake of some future goal which he envisages imaginatively. The war correspondents, the capable journalists, can only detail what they see. The poet alone can both partake of the experience and sublimate it in vivid and rhythmic form, into something that takes its place as being a part of common human experience.

Miss Davidman's anthology of war poems suffers from one serious defect, not due to the fact that its variously-born authors write with anything but the best of intentions. They are all out to defeat and crush Fascism. So are we also, who are not poets. But not all of them write what is actually poetry. Poetry, to be worth reading and remembering, must face the fact of war as it faces everything else that is human: birth and death and suffering, and the unquenchable glory of nature and the glimpses of a love greater than physical possession, and the mysterious hope of a God. Too many of Miss Davidman's poets want their words to be used as battle-cries, as something urging others to fight on. Too many of them, in the words of one of them, think that poetry should

> Raise the red flag triumphantly
> For Communism and for liberty.

That poetry cannot actually be used as a spur to battle is, I am convinced, something that Miss Davidman herself perfectly well understands. The three poems of her own which she prints here, do not deal with the causes of the conflict directly, or with the political outcome, but with human suffering and endurance and human dreams intensified because of the war. And if we turn from Miss Davidman's own contribution, which is a good contribution, to the poems collected here from Russia itself—the country Miss Davidman most favors

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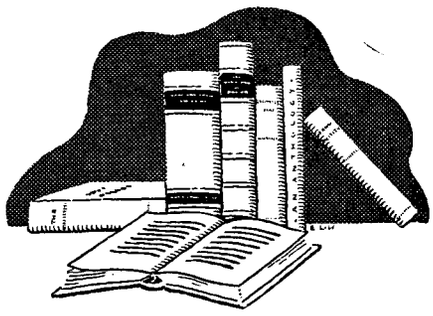
—the case is clear. The Russian contributors are the most disappointing of all. "Hymns of Hate," from whatever country, are not good in themselves; nor are glorifications of Stalin necessarily great poetry, even if Stalin were a god, which he is not. The only poem I have been able to discover here which has validity as poetry is "Courage," by Boris Pasternak, a glorification of underground resistance wherever it is found in any conquered European country.

One should take as a touchstone the contributions of many of the real poets scattered about here and there in the midst of so much that is mere ranting and attitudinizing. I should choose, for my part, Theodor Kramer and Berthold Viertel from Austria; Josef Hora and Vitezslav Nezval from Czechoslovakia; Soeren Haller from Denmark—one of the few poets in this, or any other anthology, capable of voicing honestly a good patriotic sentiment without loss of poetic dignity; Louis Aragon, Ivan Goll, and Max Jacob from France; Bertolt Brecht and Rudolf Leonhard from Germany; Sigmund Skard from Norway; Stanislaw Balinski and Antoni Slonimski from Poland; Rafael Alberti and Federico Garcia Lorca from Spain. All these men are—or were in many cases—good poets. The rest, including every contributor from England, are bad.



I shall not discuss the poets from either North or South America (here in abundance) because they, for the most part, have lived and written remote from the battlefield, remote from the horror and oppression spread elsewhere. To sum up, I should say that Miss Davidman's taste as anthologist is not sure, and that her chief need is to know the difference between poetry and propaganda. Names of translators are notably lacking, and I suspect in many cases, Miss Davidman has done the translations herself. The result is in some cases, good; in others, quite undistinguished.

The Art of Using Books

MAKING BOOKS WORK. A Guide to the Use of Libraries. By Jennie M. Flexner. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 271 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LUCY A. EASTMAN

A LIBRARY is a fascinating place to those habitués who delight in browsing among books. It is a mere workshop to others who visit it only in quest of needed information. It is unexplored country to many others who venture no further than the loan desk.

Here is a handbook designed to be helpful to all of these users of libraries, by explaining their general organization and the keys to their contents. Miss Flexner, through her own long experience as reader's adviser at the New York Public Library, and through consultation with many librarians throughout the country, is splendidly equipped to lead the reader to an intelligent understanding of the methods and tools which make it possible to locate any material in the library and to find what he wants most expeditiously.

Sketching briefly the general internal arrangement of libraries and the services possible in the small library, the branch library, and the great city library respectively, Miss Flexner observes of the last "the curse of bigness is real," and then proceeds to show how even that curse can be dispelled, and what are the keys that unlock the treasures stored in any collection of books.

The chapter analyzing the physical and textual make-up of books will be illuminating to many, with its explanation of the reasons for incorporating this information in the catalogue, and what it tells the reader. A few interesting pages on the classification of books and their arrangement on the shelves is followed by a description of the catalogue, given in much more detail, because this is the master key to the library. A complex instrument, many of its items may not be easily understood, and even the seasoned research worker should never hesitate to ask assistance from the librarians; they are there to give such service.

Packed with very valuable information for everybody are the sections on reference books and how to use them. The most reliable general reference works and typical special works are characterized clearly and concisely: dictionaries, encyclopedias, guides to reference books, yearbooks, indexes, government publications, directories, atlases, business, financial and other information services, pamphlets, periodicals, and newspapers.

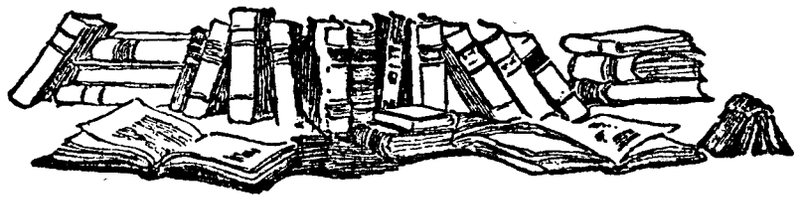
There are chapters on Bibliography for the General Reader, and The Library's Special Services. One on The Library in War Time indicates its vital connection with every phase of the war effort and illustrates the constantly changing demands upon its resources.

The final pages on Books for Your Own Library bristle with enough sensible suggestions to send you scurrying to a bookshop, just as all of the earlier ones should lead to a more intelligent and efficient use of every library.

Throughout, Miss Flexner emphasizes the desirability of consulting the librarian.

> Frequently the reader is reluctant to discuss what he wants, and the librarian is reluctant to offer what is not asked for. Is it definite information and facts that are needed, one specific book which will answer the question—name of author and title unknown, forgotten if ever known—or is it pleasure, recreation, escape, romance, adventure, travel, history, art, poetry, essays, a play? The librarian often meets inadequate, hazy requests for assistance with a very definite wish: "If I could only find out what he really does want." . . . The articulate reader is an asset to the library and furthermore, his expressed needs, if stated clearly and forcibly, will and should serve as the basis of public library service and will be important in determining the policies as well as guiding in the choice of the books that make the book collection. The reader should recognize, even if thus far he has not, that his interest in the well-being, the maintenance, the advancement of the library is, besides being the mainstay of the librarian, part of his personal civic responsibility. If this situation, this manifest interest were more common, if taxpayers grumbled about the library and other public services to city fathers and not to each other and to the librarian, the public could be better served.

This is a useful deskbook for the student, the writer, the research worker, a good book for the general reader to own or to ask for at the library.



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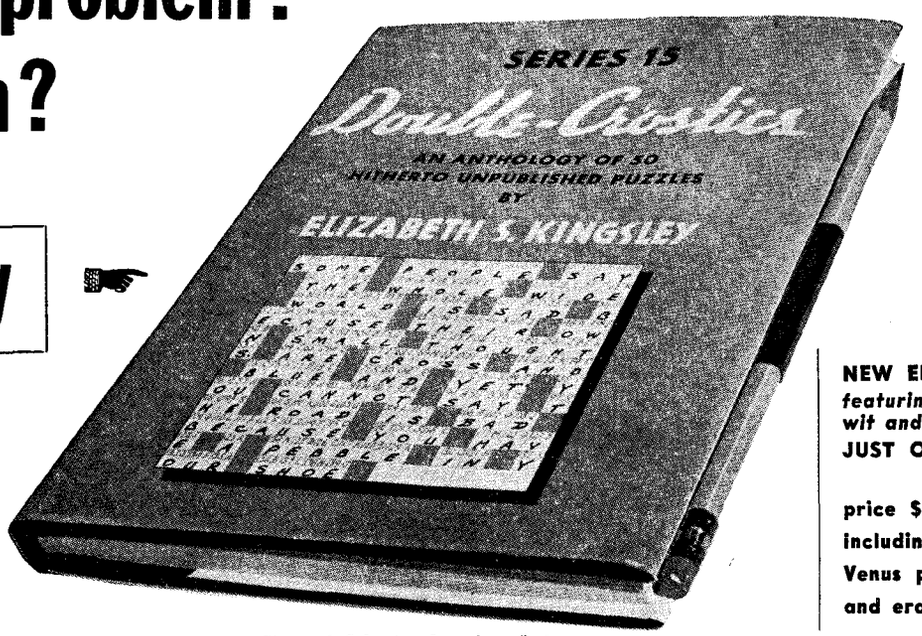

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It Happened to Emily Kimbrough

WE FOLLOWED OUR HEARTS TO HOLLYWOOD. By Emily Kimbrough. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

THINGS happen to Emily Kimbrough. She says so herself, in this book, and it is quite true. When she produces children, for instance, she has twins on Labor Day which subsequently makes a very good story. For years her friends have been crowding around to hear the latest one of her adventures and marveling, for she has a true story-telling gift. Now that she has taken to writing books, the general public can share the Kimbrough flair for making things happen.

This is an amusing, informal account of the trip to Hollywood which Emily Kimbrough and Cornelia Skinner took, to write a scenario for their work in collaboration, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." It is not meant to be more than that. It is perhaps too bad that it will be compared inevitably with the earlier book which had a youthful, hilarious spontaneity and a universal appeal not found here. Two generations, at least, laughed over the episode of the bunny coats and found an equivalent in their own lives. This book is necessarily more limited in its scope because of its subject.

When the two arrived they found Hollywood considered them a team, an entity, "something midway between Ruth and Naomi and the Katzenjammer Kids." Even their pay check was made out to them together, causing them great inconvenience. "What do we do with it?" Cornelia asked bitterly. "Carry it between us like a banner?" This was eventually straightened out, but Hollywood continued to think of them as *the girls* or Skinner-and-Kimbrough.

In addition to life in the movie capital, there is a good deal in the book about people. Wherever she goes, Emily finds an old friend or makes a new one. She can travel around the world meeting people from Indiana. It will surprise no one to discover that Hollywood's Will Hays knew her grandfather and her uncle,—C. M. Kimbrough and Lloyd—in Muncie, Indiana. Emily and Wendell Willkie are probably the greatest boosters for the Hoosier state since the days of James Whitcomb Riley. Miss Kimbrough has a lively curiosity about the birthplace of everyone she meets, and is somewhat taken aback to discover that no one cares much about that in Hollywood.

Emily Kimbrough

As a matter of fact, she has a lively curiosity and enthusiasm about practically everything. Mr. S. N. Behrman is fascinating. So is the fact that calla lillies grow wild in California and so is a pie made of apple-butterscotch-mince. Good food is one of her preoccupations. Certain things, she admits engagingly, she likes particularly to dwell on. "I have an uneasy feeling that there are certain things in my life about which I am inclined to be boastful; at least I like to bring them into the conversation. I made quite a large collection of butterflies when I was a child; I acted in the Greek plays with Margaret Anglin; I got the lowest mark in mathematics of anyone ever admitted to Bryn Mawr; I have twins; and Margaret Anderson is a friend of mine." We all have similar weaknesses. It is a nice, human touch.

It is perhaps a mistake to analyze humor. The essential is always "Is it funny?" not "Why is it funny?" Here, however, the humor may be said to be effective because of a definite combination. It is half the wide-eyed interest and surprise of a young person and half the sophisticated view of an experienced grown-up. Sometimes, as where Emily struggles with the intricacies of a Pullman roomette, the humor goes into farce, but not often. Usually she maintains a note of light, amusing reporting.

This is Around the Movie World in Eighty Days. It is also the record of a warm, outgiving personality with a talent for making friends and a zest for life.

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With a Downhill Pull

COW BY THE TAIL. By Jesse James Benton. Boston: Houghton Miffin Co. 1943. 225 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

JESSE JAMES BENTON was named for the famous outlaw in consideration of five dollars in hand paid by James to his friend, Benton's father. However, when Kentucky mountaineer neighbors were around the place, "J. J." took the names of a later financier, and was temporarily Jesse Jones.

When J. J. was eight years old, in 1872, his family and several of his relatives' families decided to leave the lean and outlaw-infested hills of Kentucky and travel to the promised land of western Texas. The women cooked practically all the hogs in that part of Kentucky; the men assembled wagons and draught stock and the long caravan made the long trip with comparatively little incident.

After that, though, it was different. The Comanches were still raiding, there were rattlers and game for target practice; there were cattle with a hornspread of six feet to herd; there were horses to race, sad songs to write, and famous gunmen for occasional company.

J. J.'s mother died when he was thirteen and his father naturally went out looking for another woman. J. J. decided that a man of his age were not bound to put up with no stepmother so he joined one of Odem's big cattle drives to the Dodge City railhead. Dodge City was a roaring town at the time, where one could find famous actresses and plenty of dance hall girls; English dukes and elegantly booted ruffians with well-notched guns.

J. J. was once smitten with the charms of a Comanche girl and went to live with her tribe for a while, acquiring the materials for some rich chapters on these Indians. By and by, though, he decided he did not want to be an Indian, and went on his way without ever bringing poor Toala's blankets to his wigwam.

One of the interesting points in the book is the ease with which young men with good heads could build up their own little cow principalities before they could raise a satisfactory moustache. Land was either free or actually dirt cheap; it was easy to fence in a corral from convenient timber and to knock together a cabin of sorts. Then one bought a good bull and picked up a herd from the stray calves the drives were forced to leave behind; in two or three years these boys would be joining the drives themselves, not as cowboys but as cowboy proprietors. J. J. was a substantial rancher before he had left his teens.

J. J. was not a typical cowboy, though he was a good one. He was young, at thirteen, when he took up a man's responsibilties and this probably made him more thoughtful than most of the teen-age boys with whom he associated. He supplemented his three months of formal education deliberately and learned to figger right well; he also formed a reading habit, obviously, for his book builds up well and both his broad and whimsical humor are achieved skilfully.

He speaks of the benevolent old lady who sent the Hopi Indians bedsprings so poor Lo would not have to sleep on the ground. The springs were abandoned after one trial: "No like 'em. No sleep. Heap jump all time." The weaning story at the beginning of the book is a chestnut, but this may have been its origin.

The book is written simply and swiftly—in the exciting spots almost as one would imagine a prizefight announcer giving a blow by blow account of a stampede, or a horse race. The publishers have not sissified J. J.'s syntax or language. The author has no particular use for the verb "was"—"were" serves him for both singular and plural. This, of course, eliminates problems of the subjunctive in a simple, practical manner.

Altogether, a full, stirring picture of the early days of the cattlemen.

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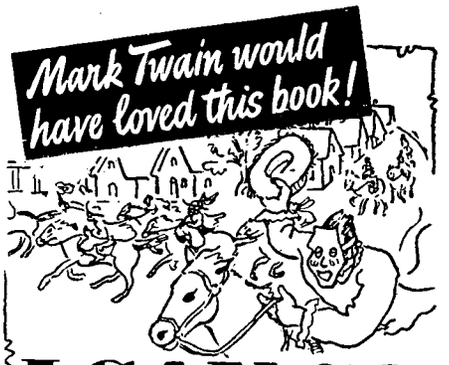

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Journey into a Jigsaw

JOURNEY INTO WAR: War and Diplomacy in North Africa. By John MacVane. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1943. 330 *pp., index.* $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

LIKE most of the many correspondents' books on the Allied North African campaign, this is divided into parts: controversial and non-controversial; i.e., politics and war.

NBC's crack front-line reporter, John MacVane reached Algiers shortly after the first wave of the Anglo-American invasion, plunked hard into the turgid pool of North African politics. He stayed on the job right down to the blazing military triumph in Tunisia, where, with a select company of colleagues, he preceded Allied troops into Tunis itself. The half-year campaign, in his view, "was a test of both the political and the military ability of Britain and America."

John MacVane

On the debatable issue of Allied politics in North Africa Mr. MacVane speaks bluntly: it was a "mess." Unlike apologists for long-term expediency, who insist that Washington's respect for Vichy paved the way to success in North Africa, he believes that if Washington had broken relations with Marshal Pétain in 1940 the results in North Africa in 1942 "would probably have been about the same." So far as Mr. MacVane can see, dealings with Darlan and his turncoat crowds brought no advantages. The French collaborationists were in no position to offer serious resistance; they did not bring over the French fleet; they let the Germans into Tunisia and thereby postponed Allied victory by six costly months.

Mr. MacVane reaches this position with a good deal of dogmatic assertion and deduction, an interesting deal of first- and second-hand reporting, a sound deal of democratic zeal. He knows French, has sympathy for the great, bedeviled, frustrated nation, and seems to have gone to Jacques and Marie in the streets to uncover public opinion. Washington had been informed that General Charles De Gaulle had no worthwhile support in North Africa. Mr. MacVane thinks otherwise; he believes that snubbed De Gaulle would have promptly roused the mass enthusiasm that neither wily Darlan nor honest General Henri Giraud could stir up. It is a fact that De Gaulle did rally his North African countrymen once he was allowed to go to Algiers.

Some of this book's hardest criticism and most caustic irony are levelled at the censorship that kept Mr. MacVane and his colleagues from voicing concern over the Allied political drift. Correspondents who saw "slimy Vichy backstairs intrigue" all about them, who were convinced that Vichyites had "bamboozled" Allied leaders, found themselves muzzled. Nor could they report what is now sadly apparent: the decline of American prestige in North Africa after the Darlan dickering, the start of what may well be irreparable damage to future American relations with France. "It was all very well," says Mr. MacVane bitterly, "to talk about making arrangements with these Fascists so that the blood of American boys would not be spilled. The making of the arrangements had canceled the things for which we were fighting—so every sacrifice was a useless one."

As flatly as he condemns Allied political measures, Mr. MacVane praises Allied military planning: it was "brilliant." There were some inexplicable small blunders (no French-speaking liaison men with the first wave of U. S. soldiers) and mistakes of inexperience (rapidly overcome on the battlefield). But by and large a grand operation of war was grandly carried through. In choppy, forceful, broadcasting style, Mr. MacVane weaves his personal adventures in the field with the tactics and strategy of the Allied armies.

Of all the generals he met, Mr. MacVane gives the laurel to "tough, straight-thinking and straight-talking" Dwight Eisenhower, the Commander-in-Chief, who "was almost a fanatic on Allied coöperation." It is the forging of coöperation between Britons and Americans, on the anvil of Kasserine, El Guettar, and Bizerte, which Mr. MacVane sees as one of the high gains of the North African campaign.

For the Western Life

GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD, TEXAN. By J. Evetts Haley. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. 1943. 281 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

J. EVETTS HALEY has already turned out two splendid books concerned with Texas cowmen, "The XIT Ranch of Texas" and his biography of Charles Goodnight. Here we have a new book of similar quality in the same field. Haley is himself a cowman with headquarters near the Texas-Oklahoma line and has a full and firsthand knowledge of cattle and cattlemen.

George W. Littlefield, the subject of the new volume, was born in Mississippi in 1842 and raised on a Texas plantation. He joined Terry's Texas Rangers at nineteen to serve the Confederacy, and at twenty-one was breveted a Major for gallantry in action and retired for wounds received.

After the Civil War he went into the cattle business, trailing herds to Kansas, grazing his cattle in the Panhandle and on the Pecos, making a fortune, and interesting himself in the welfare of his state.

He went into the cattle business to pay off the debt on the family home, but soon became a power in the land. He was a firm believer in education and sent innumerable relatives to school and college.

Throughout his life Littlefield remained an unreconstructed rebel, devoted to the cause of the South. He left his fortune to higher education, with large endowments at the University of Texas to be invested in buildings, library collections, and the writing of a definitive history of the South. Nothing could better show how firmly he believed in the justice of the "lost cause" or his devotion to ante-bellum standards than his will. In it he provided that his old Negro bodyservant should be buried at his side.

The story is packed with information and anecdotes, giving a rich picture of life in west Texas and New Mexico. It is handsomely illustrated with drawings by Harold D. Bugbee, one of our best-known Western illustrators, who also lives in Texas.

The book is recommended to anyone who cares for Western life, for Texas, and for good reading.

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The Season's Books for Young People

—*Drawing by Valenti Angelo from "The Long Christmas."*

ALL over the world Christian peoples are seeking a deeper meaning in their celebration of Christmas this year—the most critical Christmas, perhaps, in our history. Only in the two Americas can the children come safely to the Christmas feast; in almost all other countries, danger comes, too. Even here the shadow of war lies heavily over individual families and over the country as a whole. We turn more willingly than ever from violence and brute force to the gracious beauty of songs and stories, statues and paintings that celebrate the coming of the Christ Child. As never before we seek to give the children happiness that springs from mind and spirit rather than from material things. Expensive toys are soon broken—and forgotten. They leave few memories. But the scent of Christmas greens, the sharing of a Christmas story told or read aloud, the sound of voices singing one of the old carols, the gleam of firelight and candle-light—these are the things that make memories, memories that can be evoked long years afterward by the recurrence of scent or sound.

So, for this Christmas, let us call the children together at home, in the schools and libraries, in the day nurseries and settlement houses. Let us light for them a tall, red candle, let us give them the spicy forest scent of pine and balsam, let us take up that loveliest of Christmas books—Ruth Sawyer's "The Long Christmas" and read or tell them a story.

If there can be a gift for each of them, let it be a book; a book so carefully selected that it will be passed on by its owner to younger members of the family, to his children, and his children's children. Few things evoke memories as happily as a well loved book.

As far as books for the children are concerned this Christmas is a memorable one. There are books for every mood. Each one should be selected and given with the thought in mind of the individual boy or girl who is to receive it. Or, better still, let the child himself select it. Go with him to the Children's Room in the public library, let him see *all* the books and choose the one that he wants most. When the choice is made, put the book away until Christmas Eve, wrap it in gay paper, tie it with scarlet ribbons, and lay it under the Christmas tree. It will come to its owner with a new value, a new importance.

For the boys and girls who cannot see all the books together, gay and colorful and tempting, here are some to add to those that were reviewed in the Book Week number of *The Saturday Review*. These are especially good to give away to someone else.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.
Juvenile Book Editor, SRL.

A UNIVERSAL CHRISTMAS

THE LONG CHRISTMAS. By Ruth Sawyer. Illustrated by Valenti Angelo. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 200 *pp.* $2.50.

PUBLISHED in 1941, this book should be remembered at Christmas time every year. There is complete unity in the spirit of the stories which celebrate the birthday of the Christ Child and the coming of the Wise Men to a stable in Bethlehem. There is unity, too, in the beauty of the writing and the skill of the telling. But in the tales themselves there is infinite variety. Some sparkle with humor, some are warm with the spirit of festivity, some tense with drama, some grave and dignified. They come from Spain, Italy, Ireland, Austria, the Isle of Man, the Gypsies, and France. Valenti Angelo's designs make visible the spirit that dominates the book. It is a rare and precious thing to give, at this particular Christmas, to a child or to a family. M. G. D.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITIES

SENSIBLE KATE. By Doris Gates. Illustrated by Marjorie Torrey. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 189 *pp.* $2.

"I'M sure you will find Kate a very sensible child."

That was how Kate had always heard herself described. If you were pretty—nothing else was expected of you. If you were cute—you could get away with anything. But if you were just plain-faced and red-headed—you were lucky to be sensible. So thought Kate, philosophically.

Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle lived in a village on the coast of California when Kate, an orphan, aged ten was brought by "the County lady" to live with them. Mrs. Tuttle was an excellent housekeeper, and shy little Mr. Tuttle was a good provider. Up to that time Kate had lived with different cousins, mostly shiftless ones with large families. The contrast between their housekeeping methods and Mrs. Tuttle's kept Kate wondering. Gradually, the pattern of Kate's life broadened. She learned that to be "cute" or "pretty" meant very little in themselves.

Miss Gates has shown unusual sympathy and understanding of children in this book. Kate will stand out among the characters in books for boys and girls, as Janey Larkin stood out in "Blue Willow." Marjorie Torrey's drawings are excellent. M. G. D.

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SKYROCKET GIRL

MARY POPPINS OPENS THE DOOR. By P. L. Travers. Illustrated by Mary Shepard and Agnes Sims. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 239 *pp.* $1.75.

JANE and Michael Banks, good friends already of many, many American boys and girls, go on the evening of Guy Fawkes's Day to the Park to set off some fireworks. The first skyrocket produces a shower of stars, the second another shower of stars. The third rocket produces—Mary Poppins! She floats down, sedately and comfortably, and immediately takes full charge of the situation. When she appears at the house with a chastened Jane and Michael Mrs. Banks heaves a sigh of relief. Peace reigns once more in the Banks Nursery.

Underneath the fun, underneath Mary Poppins's special form of magic, there lies this time a depth of feeling that is never emphasized. It just seems to be a part of the magic, lying behind the words. It is there in the adventure called High Tide, when Jane and Michael slip through the sea shell and find themselves guests at a Party at the bottom of the sea. There is a sparkling humor in the dialogue between the children and the deep-sea people. There is beauty in the word pictures of "the floor of the sea, sown with soft lawns of greenest seaweed . . . threaded with paths of golden sand and dappled with flowers of every color." But when the Terrapin, the oldest and wisest thing in the world, appears and speaks to the guests at the Party, the magic changes. "Then he spoke;

'I am the Terrapin. I dwell at the roots of the world. Under the cities, under the hills, under the very sea itself I make my home. Up from my dark roots through the waters, the earth rose with its flowers and forests. The man and the mountain sprang from it. The great beasts, too, and the birds of the air. . . . I am older than all things that are. Silent and dark and wise am I, and quiet and very patient. Here in my cave all things have their beginning. And all things return to me in the end. I can wait, I can wait. . . ."

—Drawing by Mary Shepard and Agnes Sims from "Mary Poppins Opens the Door."

The Sailor's Hornpipe that follows this is the maddest, merriest thing. So is the dance in the Lane to the music of the Hurdy Gurdy on that night when Mary Poppins opens the Other Door. The magic now is heavy with a sort of nostalgia. The children know that she will not come back. They watch her, trim and straight in her neat blue suit, cross the room reflected in the Nursery windows, open the door, and stand there on the threshold of the night sky. Then she opens the parrot umbrella . . . and is gone.

> And as she went, the Hurdy Gurdy broke out with a peal of music as loud and proud and triumphant as any wedding march. . . . Mary Poppins herself had flown away, but the gifts she had brought would remain—for always.

M. G. D.

CZAR PETER'S RUSSIA

PETER THE GREAT. By Nina Brown Baker. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Vanguard Press. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

IT could not have been an easy task to write a biography of Peter the Great for young readers. Peter was a lusty, full-blooded despot, primitive, robust, and overfond of liquor and women. He sent his bigot wife to a convent, put his son on trial for treason, and married the servant Catherine who reigned after his death. To American boys and girls of today, eighteenth-century Russia is as remote as can be. But Nina Brown Baker has overcome all these difficulties and given a vivid portrait not only of Czar Peter but of his lasting achievements and of the Russia of his time. She doesn't attempt to make lemonade of the vodka that flowed generously during the all-night banquets in the Czarist palace; she describes extensively the stupid opposition with which nobility and clergy tried to block Peter's attempts to modernize the country; her samples of the ignorance of the boyars and the higher Moscow clergy are quite illuminating. These samples make the reader immediately conscious of the character of Peter's adversaries and, what's more, of the character of the whole epoch.

Mrs. Baker shows by Peter's actions what he wanted to achieve: to Westernize Russia, to transform her from an oriental, feudal country into an industrial modern state, and she shows, too, how much the Russia of today owes to Peter the Great. Many of the problems which he faced are still

—Drawing by Louis Slobodkin from "Peter the Great."

the problems of Russia today. Thus Mrs. Baker's biography of the eighteenth-century Czar becomes a key to the understanding of our Eastern ally for every young reader.

Louis Slobodkin's drawings in black and white help to make this biography one of the most interesting books for older boys and girls to come out this Christmas of 1943.

THE PERFECT FLEA

THE STEAL FLEA. By Nicholas Leskov. Adapted from the Russian by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Illustrated by Mstislav Dobujinsky. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 64 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by JOAN VATSEK

THE highly progressive and gentle Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, and his peasant-bred, gruff, and homesick general travel through England, the Emperor exclaiming and marveling over the remarkable English, and Platov his general becoming more disgruntled, derisive, and Russian by the minute.

Platov's final mortification comes when the workmen of an English steel mill present the Emperor—for a consideration—with a tiny, perfect steel flea, which draws from the Emperor the comment: "No, Platov, say what you like, the English are tops."

Platov broods all the way home—for they are finally going home!—over this insult. How the Russian craftsmen live up to his belligerent belief in them—directed by a much-bludgeoned Toola gunsmith called Lefty, is a tale full of a rowdy sense of humor, made touching by the loyalty of craftsmen to their art, and by Platov's explosive patriotism.

What we write about the Russians is inclined to be colored by a point

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of view, and we can be grateful to Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky for translating this lifelike and natural whimsy, so much more revealing than any well-intentioned tale by an outsider. Apart from any consideration of its origin, it is a story to give boys, especially, some good chuckles and real enjoyment.

The gifted illustrator knows his Russia as well as the author, and has the same kind of rough, delightful humor, whether he is portraying Platov snoring beside his sword and his bottle of vodka, or thumping the long-suffering Lefty's head, or drawing the wild, careening coach that carries them toward England.

POETRY OF THE BIBLE

SMALL RAIN; VERSES FROM THE BIBLE CHOSEN BY JESSIE JONES. Illustrated by Elizabeth Orton Jones. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 38 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MURIEL GILBERT

My doctrine shall drop as the rain,
My speech shall distil as the dew,
As the small rain upon the tender herb,
And as the showers upon the grass.

THESE verses from the Book of Deuteronomy are used on the end-papers of a very modern book of verses from the Bible. The compiler could hardly have found a more effective way of introducing children to their cultural heritage; the great poetry of the Bible. In picture book form, these verses from the Psalms—the Hundredth and the Twenty-third are included complete as is also the Lord's Prayer—and other books of the Old and the New Testaments are illustrated in pastels and brown.

In her drawings of children of today in ginghams and overalls, Elizabeth Jones has brought some of the most beautiful passages of the King James Version into the child's own experience.

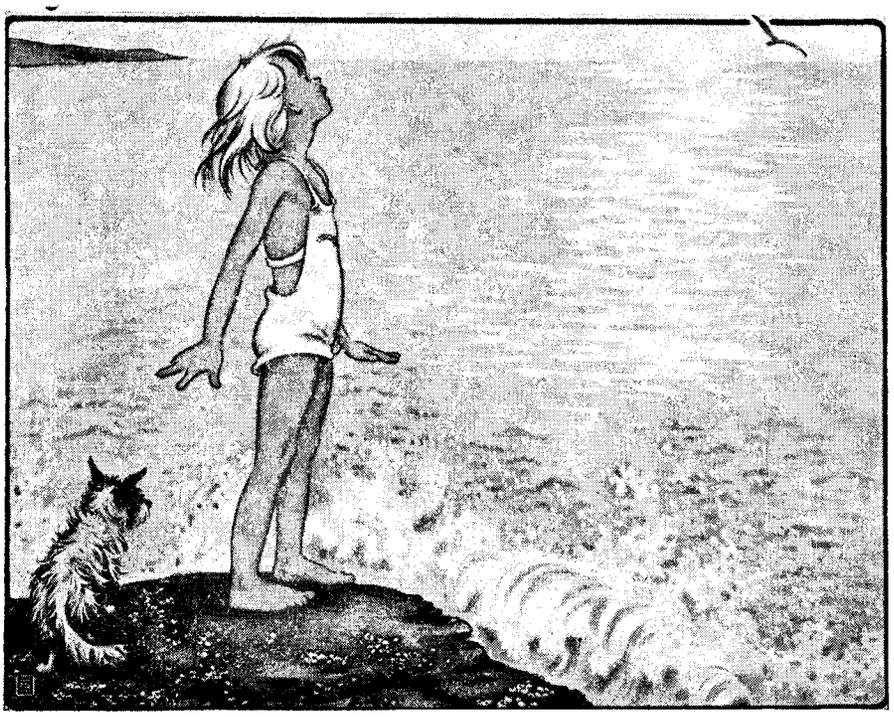
"The heavens declare the glory of God" shows a small urchin in night clothes out on a lawn gazing at a sky full of stars. One will not soon forget the village "gang" as, white and colored, with comb, trumpet, and drum, "They make a joyful noise before the Lord." Or as "by still waters," some children catch dragon flies and minnows while others lie on the grass.

Children will see themselves in these pictures. They will find the words meaning something in their everyday lives. They will see them as a part of their language. In its charm and sincerity this book fills a real need in the child's own library. It will be warmly welcomed by parents, by all of those who are interested in bringing great literature to the children.

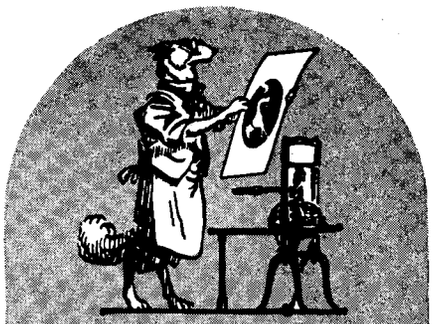
SHIVERS IN MAINE

THIEF ISLAND. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by John Wonsetler. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 118 *pp.* $1.75.

SELDOM does one meet in the pages of a book a character any truer to his tradition and his background than in Dave Little, the father of Susan and John, in this story. He is a lobsterman on the Maine coast. Persuaded by a man in the wholesale lobster business who, in



—Drawing by Elizabeth Orton Jones from "Small Rain."



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A delightfully illustrated catalogue of Borzoi Books for Young People is available free on request.

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...—and give to National War Fund

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the words of Aunt Jenny, "keeps right after him, pesky as a fly," Dave mortgages his house and land to invest in the venture. It fails, of course, and he is left with nothing in the world but his lobster pots, his boat, his experience as a lobsterman, and his honesty and integrity. But Grandma Snow has left little Susan in her will a house on a faraway island. We are not told just where; but this reviewer, knowing something about the matter, guesses that it is in Penobscot Bay. No one lives on the island now—but a ghost. The alternative to living on the island is to live with Aunt Jenny. "I don't like to be beholden," says Dave Little.

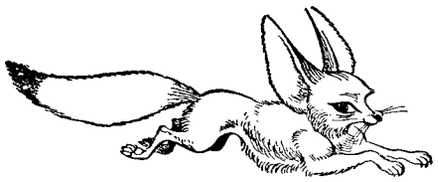
Susan, who is twelve and John, who is even younger, wholeheartedly agree with him. So they auction off their household goods, take the few things that Dave has allowed them to keep —bare necessities—and start off for the island. Aunt Jenny has given them three hens, kept out of Dave's way but gratefully accepted by Susan. They have bought a cow with the money from the auction. These go with them, the cow trailing along on a flatboat, "chewing her cud as though she had gone to sea every day of her life." The story of that winter is a story of pioneer courage, initiative, and endurance. Susan is a true daughter of the men and women who left the Massachusetts Bay Colony to find freedom and their own way of life in the Maine wilderness. John, young as he is, has the independence, the reserve, the latent humor of the Maine men who have traveled to far corners of the earth. The island, for all its dangers and hardships, holds the beauty, the spicy scents, the fascinating wild life that Maine has to give. It holds, also, a ghost who will delight boys and girls.

It is not for nothing that Elizabeth Coatsworth is a poet, and that she lives in Maine. M. G. D.

MOUSA OF MOROCCO

MISCHIEF IN FEZ. By Eleanor Hoffmann. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. New York: Holiday House. 1943. 109 *pp.* $2.

A LITTLE English girl, a friend of this reviewer's, read this book through three times in as many days. "It fascinates me," she said. "It simply *fascinates* me."



—Drawing by Fritz Eichenberg from "Mischief in Fez."

This is a fairly good summing up of "Mischief in Fez." Children, and grown-ups, too, are going to be fascinated by it.

Since the publication of Eleanor Hoffmann's "The Travels of a Snail" in 1939, we have learned to expect from her fine writing and an exceptional power to make little known people and remote places seem real and convincing. In this story she has created a realistic scene and imaginative characters that make it not only a timely story, but a story of enduring value. Her main theme is that of the old folktales—the struggle of the forces of evil against the forces of good with a boy as the central character. Mousa is the son of a wealthy and respected judge in Morocco. The forces of evil are the evil African djinns who are trying to gain control over the household of Mousa's father. The "helper"—like the little humpback horse in Russia and Puss in Boots in France—is a good djinn, the little desert fennec—Baha. It is he who shows Mousa how to expose and finally destroy the wicked spirits who seek to bring evil where there has been only harmony and peace. The old Toubib, the magician, makes the magic that lets Mousa hear the djinns as they hover in the air, invisible, above the Market Place. With the evil and the mystery there runs a vein of humor. The discussion among the wicked djinns of the "education for evil" of their sons is amusing—and significant. The scene at the end when Fatma, Mousa's stepmother, so beautiful and so wicked, is exposed, is written with great skill.

Fritz Eichenberg's ability to *illustrate* a story, to make objective its background and its people was never more apparent than it is here. He is completely convincing.

A lovely book to look at, with its soft blues and golden browns, this is a worthy gift to lay under the Christmas tree. M. G. D.

167-YEAR-OLD SOLDIER

CORPORAL KEEPERUPPER. TOLD AND PICTURED BY KATHERINE MILHOUS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 63 *pp.* $1.

THIS gay story of a brave and humorous little wooden soldier is a fine choice for the Christmas stocking or to lay, tied with scarlet and gold ribbons, under the Christmas tree. You can see by the pictures that Miss Milhous has an affection for her Corporal. These drawings are in blue, red, and a warm brown that looks like gold. The book is small and the Corporal, with a gun on his shoulder, stands on the cover.

—Drawing by Katherine Milhous from "Corporal Keeperupper."

He has lived a long time. Like Pinocchio, he was carved from a piece of wood. But it was in America during the American Revolution. "How old are you?", the officer in the Induction Center of today asks him. The Corporal stands very straight. "I am one hundred and sixty-seven years old," he answers. No one believes him, so he is put in the jug! It is Major Popover of the Military Police who investigates and finds that the Corporal really is a veteran of three wars —the Revolution, the Civil War, and the First World War. So the Major gives him his Corporal's stripes and sends him home to "boss" the Home Front. We leave him standing in the window watching the sky for enemy planes.

"He knew that he would have to stand guard day and night for as long as the war lasted."

Underneath the amusing adventures of the little Corporal there is a friendly understanding of the way the children feel about this war. It does not stress home morale; but it builds it—with laughter. M. G. D.

THE RIO DE SILVAS

THE LITTLE ANGEL; A STORY OF OLD RIO. By Alice Dalgliesh. Illustrated by Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 70 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER

LONG after you have closed this book you will remember with a happy smile the da Silva family in early nineteenth-century Brazil.

"There is no finer family in all Rio," Senhor Silva sometimes said, looking over the handsome procession they made on Sundays when going to the public Promenade. And you really believe the proud Papai. You love Roberto, Paulo, and Pedro and are delighted with the pretty and mischievous Maria Luiza who punishes Santo Antonio. Maria da Gloria, the little

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—Drawing by Katherine Milhous from "The Little Angel."

sister, wins special affection on the great day when she walks in the Procession of Santo Antonio, dressed as an angel. The da Silva's celebration of Brazil's Independence Day, the gay street scenes like the "Battle of the Lemons," give rich local color to this simply family story, so full of gracious living and exotic charm. It is all infused with warmth and humor. We know that, while writing it, her own childhood came back to Alice Dalgliesh,—colorful years in Trinidad in a house overlooking the mountains of South America. Romance enters the story in the person of a curly-haired young Senhor who brings the "little angel" home when she has lost her way in searching for her kitten, Gatino. The kind Senhor will obviously become lovely Maria Luiza's husband.

Katherine Milhous went to Rio with the author and discovered Jean Baptiste Debret's pictures of colonial Brazil, which inspire her illustrations. Color, life, and humor make her pictures as captivating as the story. Every one will enjoy the festive Procession of Santo Antonio and the exciting scene after the Carnival. Both author and artist have succeeded in creating a book which is not only a very special contribution to stories of Latin America for North America, but a contribution to Latin American literature for children in general.

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To Carry on Vital
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BOY JONES'S KINGDOM

THE BOY JONES. By Patricia Gordon. With Drawings by Adrienne Adams. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 158 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JACQUELINE OVERTON

HE might be ragged, cold, and often hungry; but he never lacked for friends nor entertainment as he scurried about the streets of his kingdom, which was London in the days of young Queen Victoria.

Jones was his name. But which Jones? He knew neither his first name nor the date on which he was born. According to his own novel reckoning he should be about twelve, so he just hit upon January 6, or Twelfth Night, as a likely birthday and celebrated it with the aid of his friends on Cheapside, all of whom thought the Boy Jones "had a way with him." There was Mrs. Murrut who ran a hot coffee stall, Artie who peddled winkles, 'Enery the Baked 'Tato Man, Willie the pot-boy at the Cat and Salutation Tavern, Mrs. Hawkins a charwoman, and Alf the Chestnut Man . . . not to mention Lady Sandwich who knew about the birthday party but did *not* live in Cheapside. Jones lacked many things; but for his years he was richly endowed with a vivid imagination, a sense of humor, and a taste for adventure. He lived by his wits and had one secret and overwhelming ambition which was to *live* someday, believe it or not, in Buckingham Palace. An ambition which he accomplished, believe it or not, boy and man, in a breezy fashion.

The better to fit himself for so high a destiny he consented to learn to read, and practised the art in Mr. Roger's bookshop in St. Paul's Churchyard, where he hired out to dust books with the understanding that he might read them, too. But, to tell the truth, Jones never found a book quite so entertaining as the streets of London, nor an adventure story half as exciting as the prospect of getting into Buckingham Palace. Perhaps this was because reality and make-believe were so jumbled together in his mind that, for the life of him, he had the most difficult time of it trying to tell one from the other!

The highhearted, highhanded doings of the Boy Jones make lively reading for child or grown person. It is a delightful book to read aloud. Patricia Gordon has created a lad worth knowing. She has written a book with a Dickensian touch and a nice flavor of old London.

Adrienne Adams enters into the spirit of the time and place in her illustrations.

DID YOU MISS ANY OF THESE OUTSTANDING *SRL* ISSUES

OR

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Jan. 23—Old South Regional Number

Jan. 30—Guide to Books on Music

Feb. 27—Guide to Books on Gardening

March 20—Guide to Books on Foundations of the Peace

March 27—Stephen Vincent Benét Memorial Issue

April 10—Pan-American Number

April 17—Spring Book Number

May 22—New England Regional Number

May 29—Panel Discussion on "What Shall We Do with Germany?"

June 5—Guide to University Press Books

July 24—Poetry Number

Aug. 7—Guide to Reference Books

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Sept. 18—Educational Number

Oct. 16—Fall Book Number

Oct. 30—California Regional Number

Dec. 4—Christmas Number

●

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The Phoenix Nest

THAT line about there being no atheists in foxholes has not pleased my friend Miriam Allen de Ford, who writes as follows:

> There *are* atheists in foxholes, and proud of it—proud that they can take what is dished out to them without needing the false support of wishful thinking. This isn't the religionists' war, let alone the Christians' war, but *our* war. We Free Thinkers are in it too, just the same as you are, with the same high standards of ethics and patriotism we have always had. Our boys are dying just the same as your boys, and perhaps with rather more courage, since they don't kid themselves that death isn't the end of them.
>
> The editor of *The Literary Guide,* organ of the Rationalist Press Association, in England, had his house bombed. The paper's supply warehouse has been bombed twice. Every issue contains the names of members who have been killed in battle or at sea. And within the smaller compass of American losses so far, the same thing is happening to readers of *The Truth Seeker,* in New York, and to their sons and brothers and husbands.

If Miss de Ford thought I was casting any reflection upon Free Thinkers, she misapprehended me. The phrase alluded to simply appealed to me because I know darn well it is the way I myself would feel in a fox-hole. That's all. Lamar Trotti of Twentieth Century-Fox Film has written me about it from Beverly Hills:

> I read with a great deal of interest your comment on "Guadalcanal Diary" in a recent issue of *Saturday Review.* In talking about it with Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, who is out here serving as technical adviser on our "Woodrow Wilson" picture which I have just written, I told him a little incident in connection with "Guadalcanal" which he thought might amuse you.
>
> I had read of an incident on Guadalcanal during the great bombardment in which one of the boys in a fox hole had recited the Lord's Prayer, and I was struck by the dramatic possibilities of such a scene. To my dismay, I discovered that one is not permitted to recite the Lord's Prayer in England—that is, not on the motion-picture screen. I assume that the Lord does not attend motion pictures in England, or if he does, perhaps he objects to the American accent. In desperation, I decided to write my own Lord's Prayer, and the results you were kind enough to comment on in your column. I thought very seriously of including the phase, "There is no such thing as an Atheist in a fox hole" but then I remembered that almost every picture dealing with the war the last two years has used that reflection, so I avoided it.

I am glad to print the following from Martha Keller Rowland, of over Philadelphia way:

MRS. ROWLAND'S BLUEPRINT FOR PEACE

Atoms of America, foreign from afar,
Look upon your fathers and remember who you are.
Think upon the future and remember in your hearts
That still the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts . . .
Frugal as a Frenchman, peaceful as a Swiss,
Set on the impossible the way a gypsy is,
Cautious as a Scotchman, stubborn as the Dutch,
Patient as the Negro who never hoped for much
But freedom for the many and justice for the weak,
Tireless as an Indian, gallant as a Greek,
Facile as the Irish—ornery as snakes—
Saddest when they're happy and happiest at wakes,
With more imagination than a Levantine or Jew,
And careful as the British of another point of view—
These you will have need of, these, and more than these,
The wisdom and tranquillity of all of the Chinese,
And the dream and endurance and the labor of the Slav . . .
All you were or hope to be is what you have to have—
With the special self-reliance, solid as a stone,
And the special sort of humor that have always been your own,
A vision that is honest, an honor that is new.
And a touch of understatement would be interesting, too.

And I thank J. E. Middleton of Canada's leading weekly, *Saturday Night,* of Toronto, for his

URBANE REPLY

The excellent Benét, William Rose,
Poet, and writer of deathless prose*
Broidered with many a dazzling gaud
Sees our heading "Kind Words From Abroad"
With wonder,
And says, "By thunder,
Old New York ain't 'abroad,' it's home.
Not like Paris, Madrid or Rome.
Surely Toronto never meant
To shove us off'n the Continent!"

Nay, good friend, we are not so blinded.
We also are Continentally-minded,
We love Times Square at the noon or night
But it isn't home, by a naughty-word sight.
In dreams
It always seems
Familiar to us as Toronto lanes,
But in fact, its noble towers and fanes
Are *not* Canadian, which William Rose
Beyond the shadow of question knows.

*Not exactly!—*Ed.*

Elinor Hopkinson sends me the following upon Beatrix Potter. As Miss Potter has a large and loyal following in this country as well as in England many will be glad to read of her:

> Despite your lamentable ignorance of the works of Beatrix Potter, I feel I must write to you rather than your enthusiastic correspondent of some weeks back, anent B. P., as I have lost the particular copy of the *SRL* in which inquiry was made.
>
> Yes, indeed, Miss Potter *is* alive, though frail from illness in the last few years, and living on a charming old farm in Far Sawrey (your correspondent will remember the scene of the Pie and the Patty Pan, and Mrs. Tabitha Twitchet's resentment at not being invited to Mrs. Ribby's

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MAN WITH THE MONOCLE *Garnett Wilson* (Crime Club: $2.)	Peter Van der Glass, archaeologist-adventurer, gets mysterious script that sets him on hunt for newspaper friend in Nazi clutches.	Refreshingly different spy and sabotage story that ranges in scene from Berlin to Mayan ruins with thrills all along route.	Plentifully exciting
HANGMAN'S TIE *Christopher Hale* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mid-west town official garrotted with gaudy kerchiefs. Doughty spinster helps Lieut. Bill French solve it.	Satisfactory blend of murder, small-town scandal, humor, and romance with Miss Josephine Picard managing matters very efficiently.	Entertaining
THE APPLEGREEN CAT *Frances Crane* (Lippincott: $2.)	Mr. and Mrs. Pat Abbott, now in London, help Insp. Yates of Scotland Yard clear up slaying of two girls.	Cal. sleuth, now abroad with Marines, and effervescent wife give good account of themselves in speedy and intricately plotted tale.	Another Crane top-notcher
THE MYSTERY COMPANION *Edited by A. L. Furman* (Gold Label: $2.75)	Assorted short murder yarns by 18 authors, all but one American.	A few good stories but, as whole, collection is not above average.	Fair

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tea party. "A little *dog* to tea—as if there were no *cats* in Sawrey!"

There, twenty years ago, my family and I made a pilgrimage, and had tea in the identical house where Tom Kitten had so narrow an escape from being made into a roly poly pudding—and behind the lovely old wainscoting of which Samuel Whiskers and Anna Maria scuttled up and down with their ill-gotten saucer of dough and rolling pin. Miss Potter, but in real life Mrs. Heelis, was then a middle-aged and thoroughly delightful person and was more than hospitable to this troop (eight of us!) of American adorers and presented each of the six children with an autographed copy of a favorite work. And to me, she gave a most invaluable and treasured gift, an unexpurgated copy of the suppressed edition of "The Tailor of Gloucester"! And *was* she pleased when I told her how some years previous Mr. Masefield had been supping with us and I had inadvertently made a quotation from Two Bad Mice, which he had immediately capped! And further, when I had, delighted with that sympathetic recognition, asked if he did not think "The Tailor of Gloucester" a masterpiece he had not only assented, but considered it "a gem of English prose."

So you see, dear Mr. Benét, how essential it is that you should sit right down and, beginning with Peter Rabbit, go through the whole series! (You *may* skip Mr. Tod if you wish, but I think he's the only one.) I have kept up a desultory correspondence with Miss Potter since—but have not heard for more than a year now, I am afraid. Perhaps you would pass on this information to the B.P. fan whose poem you quoted.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Keats: "Endymion."
2. Tennyson: "Locksley Hall."
3. Jonson: "To Celia."
4. Herrick: "To the Virgins to Make Much of Time."
5. Donne: "Go and Catch a Falling Star."
6. Browning: "Rabbi Ben Ezra."
7. Shelley: "To a Skylark."
8. Milton: "L'Allegro."
9. Wordsworth: "It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free."
10. Swinburne: "A Leave Taking."
11. Byron: "The Prisoner of Chillon."
12. Rossetti: "The Blessed Damozel."
13. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."
14. Bryant: "The Death of the Flowers."
15. Arnold: "Dover Beach."
16. Poe: "Ulalume."
17. Scott: "The Lady of the Lake."
18. Coleridge: "Christabel."
19. Wilde: "The Harlot's House."
20. Housman: "With Rue My Heart is Laden."

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Go-Get-It Sammy Schulman

WHERE'S SAMMY? By Sammy Schulman. Edited by Robert Considine. New York: Random House. 1943. 234 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THERE used to be a familiar figure of the newspaperman, tough, irreverent, pretending to no special erudition, whose merit and one merit was that, by God, he went out and got the story. He disappeared in the books when a new breed appeared as the philosophers of mankind, the advisers of statesmen and the associates of soldiers, world politicians and the members of cafe society. Several of them were the Cassandras of our civilization. They were right, useful, and ornamental. But if anybody has been missing the old-fashioned newspaperman, who was more often seen at a five-alarm fire than at tea in the West End and who got off his gripes at Joe's Place rather than in resolutions at the Guild meeting, they need not despair. He's still operating. I suspect from his book that at least one of the lost tribe is Sammy Schulman.

At any rate Sammy Schulman, with the help of Robert Considine, has written a grand, swift-moving, unpretentious book about Sammy Schulman whose concern in American journalism for twenty years has been rather to get the pictures than to save the world. He has gotten the pictures. We are seeing them in the papers now. Most of those which came from the Casablanca meeting of Churchill and Roosevelt were his—and he hitchhiked a ride back to the States with them in Admiral King's plane. I hope to see a nice Schulman group of Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin. I expect to see Schulman prints of the peace.

Unconsciously, like most Americans, I'm used to counting on Sammy Schulman. He photographed the Lindbergh flight and the Lindbergh kidnapping. He began photographing Roosevelt in 1924 and was on hand to get the best pictures of his attempted assassination in Miami in 1933. He has covered most of the wars from the deadly triviality of a Cuban revolution to the tragedy of Finland. He has missed no Presidents. He filmed the coronation of Pius XII. He speaks almost all languages with a Brooklyn accent and has taken his pictures, where the pictures are, all over the world. The answer to the question, "Where's Sammy?" is wherever the news is breaking.

So obviously dramatic a career has been put together in a book which exactly fits it in vigor, unpretentiousness, and humor. Sammy Schulman is no hero to Sammy Schulman. He

knows he is Mr. Five-by-Five even in the darkness of landing with the American troops in North Africa. Danger is business to him, not heroism. He will talk back to a Cardinal and yet never strut like a Richard Harding Davis correspondent. Maybe, as Robert Considine says, he is "the embodiment of the modest courage which has marked heroic cameramen both in peace and war." Also, in peace and war, in America, Europe, and Africa he seems to be the epitome of the best straight reporter, American version and Brooklyn Dodger fan style.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 25

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 25 will be found in the next issue.

KLBKLPCBK CB XCAX DCEL

FLDGH BMZCPB. KGKNB

ODZSCUA IGRL CU MXL

TCMWXLUB GE GDSKONB.

—LKLPBGU—VLKGUGDGAS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 24

ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE IS SISTER OF FOLLY.

—JOHN DAVIES—
SCOURGE OF FOLLY.

An Indictment of the Order

IF I COME HOME. By Nellise Child. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co. 1943. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS is a strange little novel which starts like modernized Charles Garvice or Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, streamlined and bawdy (neither of whom would dream of having a heroine declare, "I'm not asking anything for myself. I've made my bed and I'm rolling in it, in catnip") and ends like John Steinbeck. Certainly the beginning is anything but promising—it reads as though the author had at least one eye on the movie industry. A resplendent daughter of the Southern California *nouveaux riches,* who looks exactly as young women in the Pierre cocktail lounge at 5 P. M. are supposed to look, falls in love with Tony Casino, a WPA worker. This Liliom of the Los Angeles slums is sullen and somewhat neurotic, and the poverty and squalor of his Italian-American relatives during the last years of the depression have deepened his cynicism. The wilful, spoiled Brooke is not to be denied, and sweeping aside his sensible objections, she leads him to a justice of the peace. The rest of the novel is a study of this extraordinary marriage, and in this study the author throws Hollywood to the dogs and tells the story in her own way, a story that grows in interest up to the excellent last page.

Although the machine-gun style of narrative and the lack of all subtlety and indirection would seem to indicate that "If I Come Home" is a crowded chronicle of event and nothing more, this sometimes tender, sometimes hard-boiled story if full of social implications, and the impeachment of modern society would halfway satisfy a Marxist. The contrast of the two economic strata is not too theatrical or sentimental: there is vulgarity among the poor as well as the rich, and little difference in their moral standards. But the principal indictment is sound: Tony, young and strong and eager to work, has to eke out a bare living on the WPA; Mark Whittaker, a not very intelligent, fascist-minded supersalesman of automobiles, is rolling in wealth—and is a sort of economic parasite. But it is not a novel of social protest: the critical and cynical overtones of economic exploitation, race discrimination, labor-baiting, etc., serve only to help make credible the strange behavior of Tony, and the pathetic failure of a marriage based soundly on mutual affection. Love does not conquer all.

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The Physicist in the Philosophical Arena

PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY. By Sir James Jeans. New York: The Macmillan Co. (Cambridge University Press). 1943. 222 pp. with index. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

AFTER the severe drubbing which Sir James Jeans sustained at the hands of L. Susan Stebbing, one of the world's renowned logicians, both in an article in "The American Scholar" and in her book, "Philosophy and the Physicists," it must astonish the bystanders to note that the gentleman in the case has the temerity to publish still another book on the problems which pervade that shadowy land between physics and philosophy. While there are few who would demean Sir James's great repute as a scientist or minimize his skill at popularizing the more theoretical implications of modern physics, it must be said again that when he leaves his laboratory and wanders into a field in which he admits he is an intruder, he commits the same sophomoric errors: that encouraged Miss Stebbing to enter the arena against him.

Now there is no law, of course, which prohibits the physicist from writing on the problems of philosophy. The problems to which Sir James addresses himself in this book—the problem of free-will, the problem of knowledge, and the problem of reality—have always engaged the great minds in our civilization and one should be grateful for the light which modern theoretical physics can throw upon them. The author's own brief sketches of the history of philosophy from the time of the Greeks and the history of science from the time of Newton serve to exhibit the necessarily close relationship which obtains between the two disciplines. But surely, after accompanying him on his excursions into metaphysics and epistemology, it is not improper to suggest that those who wish to play the game of philosophy should first familiarize themselves with the rules. Furthermore, it is not in the best of literary taste to attribute all sorts of erroneous beliefs to "the philosopher" who, it seems, is pretty poor at logic, and to praise the wisdom, on the other hand, of "the scientist" who, if he does not know all the answers, at least knows that he does not know them. To Sir James the philosopher is a person who, spurning observation and experiment, finds the nature of the world in his own mind while the scientist, utilizing observation and experiment, discovers the nature of the world in the world itself. It is all the more incomprehensible, therefore, that the scientist's world should dissolve into "mentalistic" constructs.

As a matter of fact, probably no outstanding intellectual figure in the world today is guilty of such woolly thinking as is Sir James Jeans. Merely to list his errors would require more space than can be devoted to criticism here. Three particular misconceptions are, however, worthy of note. In the first place the author seems to believe that epistemology is in some way opposed to the observation and experiment which distinguish the method of science, and that the epistemologist and the scientist use the wrong and the right method respectively to pursue the same purposes. The truth of the matter is that the empiricism upon which the scientist relies is itself an epistemological doctrine, and one which requires as much logical justification as any other, logical justification which, incidentally, the scientist is ill prepared to furnish. Secondly, very few epistemologists today defend the validity of the world of the *a priori*, i.e., of those things which can be known prior to experience, although Jeans implies that all epistemologists occupy themselves with this defense. Rather, they are primarily concerned with a problem which seems never to have occurred to Jeans, namely, the limits to empiricism beyond which a perfectly sound, sensible, and necessary methodological principle becomes a harmful and thoroughly pernicious metaphysical dogma, as in the case of Berkeley, and to a certain extent, Jeans himself. Finally, the most elementary error of all, in spite of the author's naive faith in the efficacy of the thermometer and the camera, the invention of sense-extending instruments of precision has not altered a single one of the more fundamental problems of knowledge.

In view of these errors one hesitates to recommend the book to the lay reader who is interested in both physics and philosophy. Even the reader interested in physics will find the discussion far too complex and too analogy-ridden to be of much help unless he is already conversant with the contributions of Einstein, Planck, Rutherford, Bohr, Schrödinger, and Dirac. Unfortunately, a carnival of logic and a sideshow of science, however entertaining, can never have fruitful results. One can only agree with Miss Stebbing's remark that Jeans's confession of ignorance in the field of philosophy hardly exempts him from the duty of thinking rigorously.

Chemistry Goes to War

THE CHEMICAL FRONT. By Williams Haynes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 264 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

ALMOST annually William Haynes, editor of a chemical trade journal, has been producing a volume which deals popularly with industrial chemistry. The most recent of these works bear such arresting titles as "This Chemical Age" and "Rationed Rubber." As might be suspected they deal largely with our chemical war effort. In the "Chemical Front" Haynes continues on the old path, but this time he broadens out. About every chemical enterprise of the war is taken up, so that anybody who has a high-school education can learn painlessly what explosives are and how they are made, how and why phosphorous is used in war, how flame throwers work, what chemical warfare means, what the sulfa drugs are doing to reduce deaths at the front from infections, how doctors are using antitoxins to keep armies and navies in health, how blood plasma was introduced, how malaria is fought with the aid of synthetics that take the place of quinine, how the synthetic rubber problem was solved, what the chemists have done to fight insect pests on the farm, how American chemists substituted plastics for materials that could no longer be obtained, how high-octane gasoline is obtained from petroleum to drive airplanes, and what electrochemists have done to give us the light metals that we need.

Though the treatment is necessarily sketchy and much in the manner of Paul de Kruif it is adequate for the general reader who wants his science as palatable as a chocolate sundae. Haynes knows how to present his facts skilfully and arrestingly, so that there is not a single tiresome line in what he has written. For the general reader who wants a good straightforward account of the chemical war effort this can be commended.

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The Crostics Club

WAS it a mischance or a happenstance that the Phoenix Nest of Nov. 27 carried a comment on Maisie Ward's "Gilbert Keith Chesterton" in such juxtaposition to our DC from that book that the eye could take both in at a cross glance?

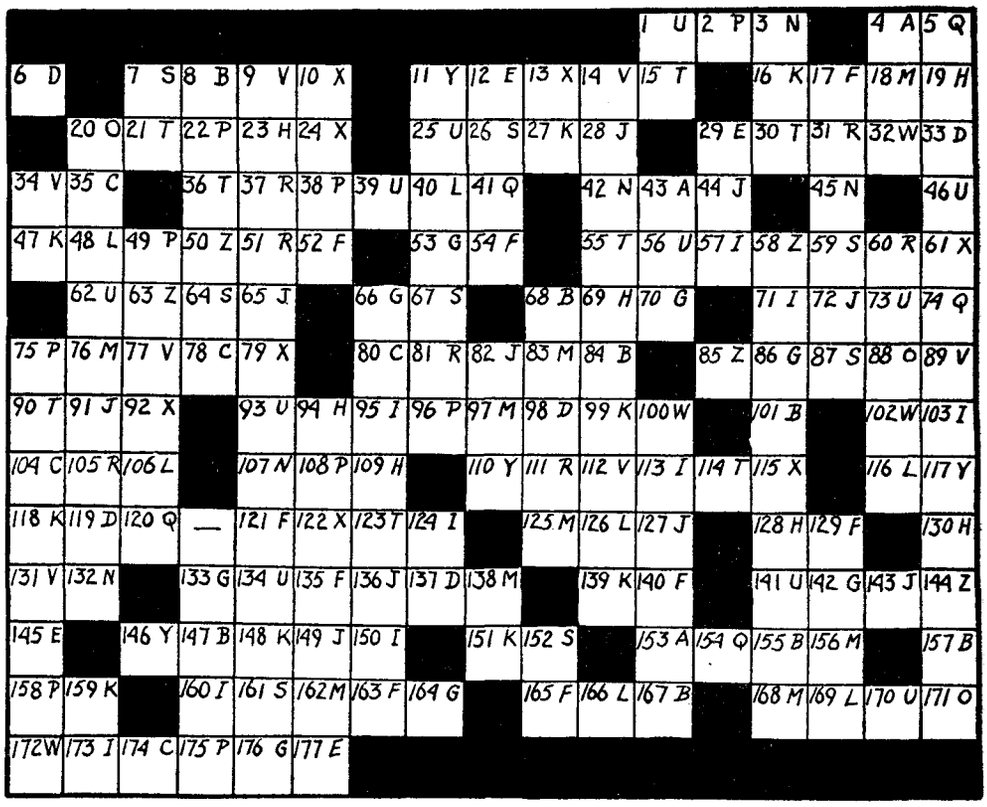
Speaking of happenstances, Theodore M. Leinbach, Reading, Pa., in a most delightful letter thanks me for the "happenstance" that led him to discover a mistake in his revered WNI; for in their paragraph under *hair* the **t** in *cymotrichy* is omitted whereas in its place in the alphabet it is spelled correctly. I did discover the discrepancy and called their attention to it. But why should he thank me for such a revelation? His letter speaks:

"Ever since my early boyhood I have regarded unabridged dictionaries as one of the wondrous works of men. When finally, in middle life, I became owner of my present copy I felt somewhat like one who had just purchased the Empire State Building or secured the right to conduct Beethoven's *Ninth* or Wagner's *Ring*. Now . . . I feel more at home with the tome. I shall continue to use it just as much and as carefully but not reverently."

James D. Hart, in commenting on an error to which I called his attention in the "Oxford Companion to American Literature," can't explain it but "takes refuge in the belief that errors are inevitable in such a fact-studded book." Was it Thackeray or Washington Irving—it could have been either—who wrote that Goldsmith's very frailties made his greatness all the more understandable and appreciated?

Mr. Leinbach, who couldn't do DCs with a stopwatch, loves the bypaths into which reference books lead him. Could anything be more delectable than those explorations he notes! "Tonight, for example, *cymotrichy* has led me to explore the second root-word. I have enjoyed the horrors of 'trichinosis' and the psychopathic pleasure of realizing that years ago I experienced a rather leisurely 'trichorrhea' and finally arrived at a definite and utterly successful 'alopecia.' Now that's fun. . . . Some time ago I was thus led to some chapters in 'Isaiah' and happened upon the same verse that Brahms used in his *Requiem*. I enlisted the interest of my father, a retired clergyman, and together we went on a treasure hunt. Now my copy of Brahms's *Requiem* is full of lead pencil notes of Biblical chapters and verses. From there we went to Handel's *Messiah*. We didn't do a complete job but we had a grand time."

"A DC," he concludes, "may worry or even annoy me when I hit upon a seeming blind alley but never because I'm not doing it fast enough. I usually do one in an evening, but a *whole* evening, if you please, and if I coast home too soon, I'm a bit disappointed." Who shall decide, etc.? E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 507

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Silent; a strong ale or beer.	4 43 153
B. Pertaining to the Pleiads.	157 68 147 8 155 84 101 167
C. French historian and philologist (1823-92).	35 78 80 104 174
D. Irish poet and playwright (1865-1939).	6 137 98 33 119
E. Members of an important caste of India.	29 12 145 177
F. Without hesitation (slang; 3 wds.)	54 129 140 52 17 163 121 165 135
G. Violent, irascible person; English fighter plane.	176 86 66 53 133 142 164 70
H. Gulf on west coast of Australia.	109 94 19 128 23 130 69
I. Combativeness.	160 95 113 124 57 71 173 103 150
J. In a state of quick sensibility (comp.)	136 91 82 65 28 44 149 72 127 143
K. For the purpose of (3 wds.)	151 99 139 118 159 47 27 16 148
L. Eastern county of England; city in Va.	166 126 40 116 169 48 106
M. At a time past (archaic).	18 138 125 97 162 83 76 168 156
N. The first successful Intelligence Test.	42 45 3 132 107
O. Period just preceding an important event.	88 20 171
P. Curate in "Love's Labours Lost."	22 2 38 108 75 158 49 175 96
Q. The sun personified (Roman poets).	74 154 120 5 41
R. Heroine of tragedy by Shakespeare.	60 31 51 111 105 81 37
S. Patron Saint of Scholars.	67 59 64 7 161 87 26 152
T. Involuntary tremors due to fear, cold, etc.	36 114 30 90 15 21 123 55
U. Not bound or fettered.	39 170 56 73 134 1 25 93 141 62 46
V. Capital of the ancient Assyrian Empire.	89 112 77 34 9 14 131
W. A river deposit of sediment.	102 32 172 100
X. Things left over.	122 92 79 13 10 61 115 24
Y. Not remote or far from.	11 117 146 110
Z. The two coastal ranges of the peninsula of India.	50 144 63 58 85

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